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NAMRATA

Deconditioning the Mind

BRIAN COOPER

Three Seventeenth-Century Mystics

Religion and Science in the Thought of Everard, Helmont, and Felgenhauer

DR. K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Kalidasa and the Problem of Evil

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Mental Phenomena and "Physiological Mechanism"

R. N. KAK

Be Your Own Refuge

The teaching of the Buddha on Mindfulness in the Sati-patthana Sutta

BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE

The Silent Tarn by the late Hannah Closs; Literature and Science by the late Aldous Huxley; Essays in Philosophy Presented to Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan; Psychology and Religion by Dr. G. Stephen Spinks; Spiritual Sayings of Kahlil Gibran; etc.

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THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXV · NO. 1

Point out the 'Way'
however dimly and lost among the host —
as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

AT YOUR SERVICE

I keep six honest serving men
(They taught me all I know):
Their names are WHAT *and* WHY *and* WHEN
And HOW *and* WHERE *and* WHO.
—KIPLING

WHAT

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXV JANUARY 1964 No. 1

DECONDITIONING THE MIND

THE SEEDS OF WISDOM cannot sprout and grow in airless space. To live and reap experience, the mind needs breadth and depth and points to draw it towards the Diamond Soul.

—The Voice of the Silence

THERE IS a good deal of discussion these days about the need to liberate the mind from all the factors which condition it. While much is but idle talk, some there are who show genuine concern; and to these the following remarks may be of some value.

It is true that most people today have minds which are conditioned to such an extent that they have become incapable of thinking independently. A conditioned mind is prejudiced and limited, narrow and sectarian.

The mind needs breadth. Its horizon must expand; its frontiers must be enlarged. The mind must be liberalized. But the mind also needs depth. A shallow mind thinks on the surface and is incapable of probing below the appearance of things. It lacks understanding altogether.

Madame Blavatsky in her exposition on the true objects of education states that children should be taught "more than anything else to think and reason for themselves." Alas! the art of independent thinking is a lost one in our civilization, and many there are who are content to have their thinking done by proxy. Their opinions are borrowed from their background, their environment, the party they belong to, the newspaper they read.

A school of thought has arisen which prescribes a drastic remedy: namely, no reading, no political views, no cultural or religious traditions. These are all factors which condition the mind. Reject them and be free! Have no ideals and no ideas!

Apart from the utter impracticability of following such a course — for how can one break away from all associations, when life in the body is itself conditioned existence? — would it be desirable, would it be conducive

to the real freedom of the mind? Or would such a course lead to self-delusion and ultimately to insanity?

Must then the mind be void of all ideas? Is it the ideas *per se* which condition the mind, or the content of any idea? Small and narrow ideas, selfish and petty thoughts, do condition the mind. But the reverse is equally true: great and liberal ideas, generous and noble thoughts, enable it to soar higher and yet higher and thus to free itself. The secret of a free mind lies in the quality of one's ideation, and the remedy is, therefore, not the rejection of all associations but a discriminative and deliberate rejection of all those that are narrow, superficial, and ugly and the simultaneous cultivation of high, universal, and great ideas.

To breadth and depth of mind must be added the high ideas and the true ideals which provide the "points to draw it towards the Diamond Soul."

It is those "points" that give meaning to life itself. But if you have ideals, argues the advocate of freedom through the rejection of all ideals, you are a hypocrite; for you know you cannot live up to them. This is sheer sophistry. If you are striving towards your ideal you are *not* a hypocrite; you are an honest man trying to reach up to the highest you can perceive and formulate. How well did Gandhiji understand this! To him life was an aspiration and life's mission to strive after perfection of our weaknesses or imperfections." And again: "This faith in one's ideals constitutes true life, in fact it is man's all in all."

How misguided is the one who attempts to decondition his mind by ceasing to have ideals and even trying to do without ideas at all! The very nature of human consciousness demands that we should think, and so the problem lies in learning to think well, and to this we shall revert on another occasion. "Thought makes the whole dignity of man," exclaims Pascal; "therefore endeavour to think well, that is the only morality."

NAMRATĀ

NURTURE your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

—DISRAELI

THREE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTICS

RELIGION AND SCIENCE IN THE THOUGHT OF EVERARD, HELMONT, AND FELGENHAUER

[**Mr. Brian G. Cooper, M.A., B.Litt. (Oxon.),** was for some time History Tutor at St. Clare's Hall, Oxford, and is now Lecturer in Liberal Studies, Lanchester College of Technology, Coventry. A particular interest of his is research into the religious history of the seventeenth century, especially Protestantism. In this sympathetic and scholarly study of the ideas of three seventeenth-century mystics he stresses how their thinking is goverened by a sense of the unity of the whole of creation and how, as a corollary, spheres of knowledge, for them, interpenetrate.

We print below the first part of the essay.—Ed.]

I

Today the most advanced thinkers and prophets in the West are striving to re-establish a unified world-view, in which the basic Oneness of Man with the Cosmos is comprehended.[1] This is a striving to re-unite the worlds of matter and spirit, so catastrophically divided since the seventeenth century, and to bring within a single synthesis the mystical, religious, and intuitive understandings of truth and the contemporary cosmological revolution occasioned by scientific and technological advance. The revolutionary epoch from 1500 to the mid-seventeenth century not only broke the unity of Christendom but at a far deeper level also destroyed man's understanding of himself as a oneness of rational mind and mystical perception. In retrospect the process has been seen as inevitable: the religious vision of the great scientists of the time is dismissed as valueless;[2] the great men of religion are those whose orthodoxy was purely in terms of religious dogma. Yet there were others, in their own day the centre of controversy but in our own time largely forgotten, who strove to retain a unified world-view of the Oneness of man — or, rather, they strove towards a new synthesis amid the debris of a shattered *Weltanschauung*. Attacked in their own day as dangerous heretics, or dismissed as eccentrics and dreamers, they yet come to us across the intervening centuries as pioneering spirits.

In this article I want to examine aspects of this seventeenth-century religio-scientific concern for the whole vision of man, as seen through the

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[1] Especially, Teilhard de Chardin: *The Phenomenon of Man* (London, 1959); C. E. Raven: *Teilhard de Chardin, Scientist and Seer* (London, 1962); Kenneth Walker: *Diagnosis of Man* (London, 1962).

[2] E.g., Sir Isaac Newton's extensive theological studies, particularly into Biblical mathematics and apocalyptic, are generally ignored.

thought of three European figures: John Everard, of England; Paulus Felgenhauer, of Bohemia; and Jean-Baptiste Van Helmont, of the Netherlands. Though from different countries, they had much in common. All shared the living and dynamic tradition of European mysticism[3] whose origins went back via Schwenkfeld (1489-1561) and Sebastian Frank (1499-1542), to Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471) and John Tauler (*c.* 1300-61); whose central contemporary inspiration was Jacob Boehme (1575-1624); and within whose total orbit were comprehended the Cabbalism and "Jewish Neo-Platonism" of Pico de Mirandola (1463-1494) and Johann Reuchlin (1455-1522), and the "magic" of Mirandola and von Nettesheim. The latter in turn interlinked with the prevailing interest in alchemy,[4] and was not unconnected with astrological speculation.[5] The post-Renaissance scientific awareness was fusing with religious preoccupation in a common quest for the "universal key" to all knowledge and truth in its manifold forms.[6] In an age of spiritual confusion and dawning of new understanding, the guiding light of the true seeker could only be his personal conviction of the Oneness of truth and his striving for it. Everard, Felgenhauer, and Helmont breathed this same atmosphere and shared this same concern, though their approaches differed.

John Everard (*c.*1575-*c.*1645-50?), a Cambridge Doctor of Divinity, was both "the pioneer of quietistic mysticism in England"[7] and a link, in his own life and thought, between the vision of the mystics and the philosophy of the alchemists. A fashionable preacher to aristocratic congregations at St. Martin-in-the-Fields and Kensington, London, Everard was yet frequently imprisoned by King James I (1603-25) for his anti–Roman-Catholic utterances, and was later prosecuted under King Charles I (1625-49) for familism — adherence to the free-thinking, anarchic, and mystical tenets of the Family of Love movement — antinomianism, and anabaptism. Such charges were the stock-in-trade of English religious authority when heresy-hunting, but contained a kernel of truth; for Everard was undoubtedly a convert to the mysticism of Tauler and the German school of late mediaeval contemplative thought. Everard translated and popular-

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[3] M. L. BAILEY: *Milton and Jacob Boehme* (New York, 1914), pp. 2–44.

[4] For Alchemy: M. CURON and S. HUTIN: *The Alchemists* (New York, 1961); J. M. STILLMAN: *The Story of Alchemy and Early Chemistry* (New York, 1960); LYNN THORNDIKE: *History of Magic and Experimental Science* (New York, 1958), Vol. VII, pp. 153-203; Vol. VIII; pp. 352-402.

[5] For Astrology: THORNDIKE, *op. cit.*, Vol. VII, pp. 89-152; Vol. VIII, pp. 302-51. A fascinating general discussion is C. A. MERCIER: *Astrology in Medicine* (London, 1914); also, K. WALKER: *op. cit.*, pp. 230-2.

[6] BAILEY: *op. cit.*, p. 44ff.; RAPHA HARFORD'S "Address to the Reader" in EVERARD'S *Some Gospel Treasures Opened* (1653); *Dictionary of National Biography* (1908 ed.), London, Vol. VI, pp. 948-9.

[7] BAILEY, *op. cit.*, p. 49.

ized *Theologia Germanica*[8] and the works of Tauler and others in England. It was a time when Neo-Platonism, in its more scientific aspects, was enthralling the attention of a well-read but non-authoritarian audience in England, which in turn included those ready to ponder the mysteries of alchemy.

One of Everard's most important works was the translation of Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus' *Divine Pymander* in 1650, and his *Asclepius* in 1657. These ancient source-books of alchemy Everard undoubtedly held in very high regard: for him they contained

> the Knowledge of the Quintessence of the whole Universe . . . otherwise called the great Elixir of the Philosophers; which is the Receptacle of all Celestial and Terrestrial Virtues. . . .[9]

and

> more true knowledge of God and Nature, than in all the Books in the World besides, I except only Sacred Writ.[10]

This magical and alchemical handbook, certainly dating back to ancient Arabic, perhaps even Egyptian sources, was thus to Everard second only to the Bible itself. He even went so far as to speculate that its author, Hermes, was a pre-Christian "Incarnation"; certainly Everard regarded him as a true revelation of the Divine. We know nothing of the effect of Everard's work in promoting mystical and alchemical understanding; our knowledge of him is sketchy, and most of his works were destroyed by the episcopal authorities. Yet it is highly illuminating that a fashionable London preacher saw belief in magic, and the quests for the "philosopher's stone" and the "elixir of life," as within his religious concern. In his preaching, writing, and translation he helped to produce that atmosphere of mystical expectancy which heightened the religio-political conflicts of England in the 1640s.

Undoubtedly Everard's concern was for the Oneness of truth concerning man and his spiritual situation. Unlike the vast majority of Christian clergy in the England of his day, Everard sought a synthesis that would include the mystical and the "scientific." One of his surviving sermons, "The Mystery of Christ Crucified" (date unknown), shows, by its use of language, the way he saw that synthesis. For Everard, Jesus Christ himself was "a *hidden* Knowledge . . . the *Knowledge of The Mystery*,"[11] and this

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[8] *Theologia Germanica, or Mystical Divinity*: a fourteenth-century German mystical work, published in London in 1648 by the avowed Familist, Giles Randall.

[9] *Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus, His Divine Pymander . . . (and) . . . Asclepius*, trans. J. Everard (London, 1657); "To the Reader," pp. A5-6.

[10] *Ibid.*, p. A8.

[11] *The Mystery of Christ Crucified*, p. 11.

religious understanding would comprise the truly mystical and the truly empirical approach — "Our Knowledge of Jesus Christ must be *internal, spiritual, experimental.*"[12] True philosophy and true religion were at one.

> The glory and splendour of Philosophy, is an endeavouring to understand the chief Good, as the Fountain of all Good: now how can we come near to, or find out the Fountain, but by making use of the Streams as a conduct to it? The operations of Nature are Streams running from the Fountain of Good, which is God.[13]

And mystical theology confirmed the vision of truth revealed by nature and alchemy:

> The true Knowledge is God, revealing himself to the Soul; . . . *it is the Spirit* (the Mystery), the Marrow *that giveth life*; it is the Knowledge of the Mystery, the Spirit that is *eternal life* . . . and *Jesus Christ opens the Seals* and shows us *the life.*[14]

Seeking a unified vision of truth for the wholeness of man, Everard embraced alchemy and mysticism within an almost "existential" Christianity.

In Jean-Baptiste Van Helmont,[15] (1577-1644), traditional alchemy, mystical experience and modern science met. "The most prominent chemist of the first half of the 17th century," he studied widely in classics, magic, mystical philosophy and theology before taking his medical degree at Louvain in 1599. It must be realized that he was a truly great scientist who both used the experimental method and theorized on the basic nature of matter. The first to use the term "gases" to distinguish them from air or easily condensible vapours; a physician and chemist of international renown acclaimed on his London visit, 1604-5; an assiduous researcher into carbon dioxide, which he knew as "gas silvestre"; an experimenter with gases — in all this, his contribution to seventeenth-century science was acknowledged by contemporaries and posterity alike. With respect to his work as a physician and pioneer of new cures, Mercier asserts that with Paracelsus Helmont paved the way for the acceptance of Harvey and modern medicine by challenging the traditional infallibility of Hippocrates and Galen.[16] In contemplating the basis of matter, he rejected both Aristotle's "Four Elements" and Paracelsus' "Three Principles," putting forward instead the "Two primitive elements," water and air, saying that

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[12] *Ibid.*, p. 8.

[13] *Divine Pymander*, p. A10.

[14] *The Mystery of Christ Crucified*, p. 8.

[15] BAILEY: *op. cit.*, p. 11; THORNDIKE: *op. cit.*, Vol. VII, pp. 218-40; STILLMAN: *op. cit.*, pp. 381-6; C. A. MERCIER: "Paracelsus and Van Helmont," *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine* (London, 1915), Vol. IX, pp. 1-8; MICHAUD: *Biographie Universelle* (Paris, 1857), Vol. XIX, pp. 80-82.

[16] "Paracelsus and Van Helmont."

all other substances except air are derived from water.

Fully interwoven with Helmont's science was a mysticism that modern scholarship has found hard to interpret. Stillman writes:

> His notion of the cause of a chemical action is quite mystical. He supposes a "ferment," a formless and unsubstantial something implanted by the divine will in all substances, to be the thing which determines what the action and the products shall be.[17]

Bodily functions, too, are initiated by the ferment and under the direction of the spirit of the "Archaeus," a concept derived from Paracelsus. The terms Helmont used are unimportant; we must conclude that he was trying to express in words a mystical vision into the nature of things, such as Boehme had had; what was the notion of spiritual ferment at the heart of matter but a seventeenth-century expression of what we today understand as myriads of whirring electro-magnetic particles and pulsating wave-motion? It is quite false to dismiss Helmont, with others like him, as an early "modern" scientist with eccentric religious ideas: he was both scientist and mystic, concerned for the Oneness of truth, and he found the central link in alchemy.

In his quest for truth, Helmont was a man of enormous dedication. Before devoting himself entirely to his researches, he dramatically relinquished his medical practice, and then embarked upon ten years' wandering, during which he learned from an unknown scientist the way of alchemical quest. His laboratory and desk at Vilvorde, near Brussels, became a virtual hermitage: the Emperors Rudolph II, Mathias and Ferdinand II in vain offered him position and riches if he would go to Vienna.

BRIAN G. COOPER

(To be concluded)

GOOD is that which makes for unity: Evil is that which makes for separateness.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY

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[17] *Op. cit.*, p 385.

KALIDASA AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

[**Dr. K. Krishnamoorthy,** Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Karnatak University, is an old and esteemed friend. The question he examines is an important one. The "convention" (but it was based on a philosophical conviction) by which no classical Sanskrit play could end unhappily raises the question, Is this classical drama more than astonishingly skilful romantic trifling? Does it pierce to realities? Dr. Krishnamoorthy shows that it does not ignore, but includes in its scope, the tragedies of life. Theatrically, the happy ending may have served, as he says, as a sop to the more sentimental playgoer. But does not Dr. Krishnamoorthy's treatment of the "curse" *motif* suggest that on a deeper level it simply represents the undying hope which results from taking into account *Karma* and Reincarnation?—Ed.]

> Admirable as is Kālidāsa's work, it would be unjust to ignore the fact that in his dramas and in his epics he shows no interest in the great problems of life and destiny. . . . Assured, as he was, that all was governed by a just fate which man makes for himself by his own deeds, he was incapable of viewing the world as a tragic scene, of feeling any sympathy for the hard lot of the majority of men, or appreciating the reign of injustice in the world. It was impossible for him to go beyond his narrow range.

Such is the considered verdict of Keith,[1] an accepted authority on Sanskrit literature. A recent attempt at revaluation undertaken by H. W. Wells in his book, *The Classical Drama of India* (Bombay, 1963) puts the accent on what he calls "equilibrium" as the essence of Sanskrit plays, a factor "habitually overlooked in Western criticism and in the East presumably at first taken for granted and later allowed to rest largely unnoted." From this new standpoint it emerges that

> the Indian playwright desires neither the more harrowing depths of tragedy nor the irresponsible hilarity of pure comedy. His ideal implies a phase of the serenity to which the deeper spirit of Asia has from its most venerable traditions been dedicated. (p. 53)

Also,

> . . . While the Western drama delights in surprises and looks outward, Sanskrit drama takes the opposite course. Its content is psychological and spiritual rather than social, ethical and intellectual; it aims to establish the felicity of equilibrium in the soul of each spectator. (p. 32)
>
> Equilibrium, as the Indian drama reveals it, is exemplified both in the conception of the plots, and what is more important, in the execution of detail. (p. 50)

Lest some one should belittle the originality of the discovery by equating

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[1] *The Sanskrit Drama*, p. 160.

it with the Indian theory of *rasa,* Mr. Wells adds:

> In each play there is observable not only a pervasive sentiment or *rasa,* concerning which the critics have much to say, but a persistent and readily observable equilibrium with which the same critics seem to have been much less consciously concerned. (p. 54)

Did Kālidāsa ignore the problem of evil as urged by Keith or did he, representing the contemplative East, achieve "equilibrium between opposites" as averred by Wells? An answer to this question is attempted here in the light of the Indian theory of *rasa.*

At the outset we must confess our inability to grasp the full significance of the master-key of "equilibrium" which would unlock all the secret vaults of Saṇskrit drama, though we are quite on firm ground in dealing with the assessment of Keith. The acute and alert mind of Wells invests the formula of equilibrium with a significance applicable alike to plot and character, style and structure, meaning and message. We are concerned here only with the last aspect, and that too with particular reference to Kālidāsa.

According to the Western way of thinking, life is a riddle and death a mystery. A playwright whose task is to mirror life may either go deep enough and present the tragic quality of the human situation or may stop at the surface in amusement at the petty life-interests of common men. A dramatist's greatness is to be measured only in one of these ways, and it has been well said that "the world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." Tragedy is deeply concerned with the problem of evil and man's struggle with destiny; it asserts man's strength in heroic suffering itself. Comedy puts the accent on zest for life with all its oddities and attractions. Judged from this standpoint, Kālidāsa's plays would naturally appear deficient, since his range is restricted to romance. Yet Keith hardly does justice to Kālidāsa when he concludes that Kālidāsa leaves the problem of evil untouched because he was assured that all is governed by a just fate.

The Indian doctrine of *Karma* has been much misunderstood, and its importation into literary criticism is a misapplication. *Karma* is the solution proposed by Hinduism to absolve God of the charges of cruelty and partiality in explaining the inequalities found in His creation. Never has it been utilized by our classical poets and playwrights to explain away the problem of evil. All our epic heroes are intensely aware of the existence of evil, within and without, and rise manfully to fight it. They all have their share of acute suffering; they struggle in their own way against inexorable Fate, instead of succumbing to it passively as "just." Kālidāsa, truly representing the Indian epic tradition, has not forgotten to emphasize that his heroines Urvaśī and Śakuntalā suffered because of perverse

Fate (*pratikūladaiva*) in spite of their innocence. But it will be asked: "Did they not passively submit to it instead of actively resisting it?" The answer lies in a direction but dimly noticed by literary critics; and that is Kālidāsa's idea of the curse (*śāpa*) which bridges two worlds as envisaged by the Indian playwright, viz., the material and the spiritual, and which makes room for tragic irony.

While Western plays move in one world of reality, Kālidāsa's heroes and heroines (except in the light *Mālavikāgnimitra*) are simultaneously denizens of two worlds. While Western tragedies end in awe and pity with only a counsel of despair, the serious drama in Sanskrit rises higher, and ends in a hope for humanity, though in a dreamland. True, Fate cannot be countered in this life by man; but Fate too might relent hereafter if man enlists the sympathy of spiritual sages and gods. This hope follows as a corollary from the Indian faith in births, past and future. Kālidāsa's *Śākuntala* is a real tragedy on the earthly level; the happy ending arrives only in a spot near-heavenly. The drama has nothing to say about the final happiness of the lovers on earth. In the same way, the tragic madness of Purūravas after desertion by the celestial nymph is the hard reality on earth; their final reunion being no more than a happy accident occasioned by divine interference. Kālidāsa inherited a literary tradition inextricably bound up with the mythological tradition; hence his attempt to write epics and major dramas on two planes of existence. The menace of death is mitigated but not underrated on the earthly plane. Shorn of mythology, the heroes and heroines of Kālidāsa reveal something akin to the tragic view of life, fully alive to unmerited suffering on earth due to adverse Fate. The Indian theory of *rasa* states unmistakably that the happy endings must be brought about only by supernatural agencies adroitly devised by the poet (cf. the dictum: *kuryānnirvahaṇe'dbhutaṁ*), indicating that it was no more than a sop to sentimental spectators. Undue emphasis on this literary device appears to have led to the misjudgement of Kālidāsa by Keith.

Let us turn to the *motif* of the curse. It is something overshadowing almost every one of the heroes and heroines of Kālidāsa, in his plays as well as in his poems. Dilīpa and Daśaratha, Urvaśī and Indumatī, Śakuntalā and Duṣyanta — all come under the inexorable effects of a curse. A curse is only a concretization of *karma* become immediately productive; and, more often than not, the *karma* is a dereliction in man's duty to spiritual personages or an unconscious misdeed. It partly explains the suffering of man as due to his conscious or unconscious offences against the moral order, and is in a way another palliative offered to the sentimental playgoers that they might be able to witness the acute suffering of heroic characters without too much anguish. At the same time, it should not be

forgotten that the curse cannot wholly explain suffering. It operates usually over a specific period of time, thus keeping the door open for hope from the heavenly quarter. Without hope, there would be nothing but despair in the human situation. But neither the sop nor the palliative can blind us to the essentially tragic vision of Kālidāsa which runs through all his works without let or hindrance. Kālidāsa does not ignore Evil or Death; he only attempts to take away their sting in a way different from the Western way.

This leads us to the second explanation, proposed by Wells, that Kālidāsa is achieving Asian "poise" or "equilibrium" in his major plays through stories of separation ending happily. Our remarks about Keith's opinion apply with equal force to this seemingly acute observation also. This view also exaggerates the importance of the happy ending; but what is more, it underestimates on the one hand Kālidāsa's detailed treatment of love before marriage, and gives on the other hand the same importance to separation as to reunion, so as to make the principle of "equilibrium" neatly applicable. It appears to us that the core of the play is in suffering; and it cannot be bracketed with the happy close which is no more than a *coup de théâtre*. Kālidāsa's philosophy of life cannot be judged according to formulae. We are reminded in this connection of the answer of Confucius to a man who ventured to ask him about death: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"

What is the meaning of life according to Kālidāsa? The question appears to have been ignored both by Keith and Wells. Kālidāsa has not left us in the dark about this. His exclusive attention to the treatment of love in all its aspects is a sure indicator of his stand. According to him, to live best is to love best. What starts as physical attraction grows into a union of minds and hearts, and ripens into spiritual union only after a period of hard trial during separation. Earthly love ends in marriage as in the *Mālavikāgnimitra*; but heavenly love has to brave severer tests as in Kālidāsa's other plays, and its highest point is represented in the union of Śiva and Pārvatī over the ashes of Kāma for the divine purpose of creation. The Indian householder's life, with its joys and sorrows, is glorified by Kālidāsa; and he deliberately keeps himself aloof from the tumultuous passions that surge outside that sphere. It must be admitted, therefore, that Kālidāsa's attitude to death and suffering is also restricted to this narrow range; but it does not detract from the universality which is Kālidāsa's unique achievement in his limited range. Nor does it follow as Keith says that "he was incapable of feeling any sympathy for the hard lot of the majority of men," as we shall see in the concluding section.

One last point remains to be touched. And that is about the complaint of Wells quoted at the beginning of this essay against the Indian theorists

of *rasa*. He talks of "a pervasive sentiment or *rasa* concerning which the critics have much to say." In fact no Indian theorist has ever said that *rasa* is only "*a* pervasive sentiment." They have always held that a drama is a unity amidst the diversity of eight or nine *rasas* and that *the* one underlying *rasa* throughout is the principal one (*aṅgi-rasa*) while the others contribute to its total effect as ancillaries (*aṅgi-rasas*). Whenever they talk of *the* principal *rasa*, they always imply the existence of divers *rasas* by its side.[2] Does this not cover "the equilibrium between opposites" also?

Rightly understood and applied, the theory of *rasa* can surely lead to a proper appreciation of Sanskrit drama. We have to content ourselves here with only a random example from the *Śākuntala*. The theory of *rasa* governs at once the nature of the characters and the structure of the play. The "rules" demand that the plot have five "stages" (*artha-prakṛtis*), of which the last, as already noticed, involves a *deus ex machina*. The first is but preparatory, while the second introduces new threads and complicates the main story. The third, called "*patākā*" (the "Flag") provides for a new episode in the story and the fourth envisages minor incidents (*prakarī*); and both these are distantly, but deftly, connected with the main theme. It is in these that the playwright has an opportunity of going out of his main story for a while and admitting "the hard lot of the majority of men," with their *rasas* serving as foils even to the main *rasa*. When Kālidāsa takes his heroine to heaven and dwells at length on the spiritual atmosphere there we have the *patākā* breathing tranquillity and pathos, which are perhaps opposed to Love, the dominant sentiment in the play. But when we are on earth with a fisherman caught by the police, we have an occasion to see Kālidāsa's observation of common humanity. These have only an incidental value, no doubt, from the point of view of the total tone; but they contribute no less to the unfolding of the total meaning of the drama.

Kālidāsa, having imbibed the Vedāntic wisdom of India, was always conscious of the *summum bonum* (*mokṣa*) as the highest value. Yet as a true poet, he depicted it only with reference to the Supreme God — Śiva; and none of his other characters are motivated in their youthful lives by this quest after perfection. All of them are busy in the pursuit of values well within the reach of our common humanity. Each one of them is imperfect, coming to grips with unavoidable fate and suffering in his own way. Kālidāsa is not oblivious of suffering; but he does not lose hope for

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[2] *Ekaḥ āryo rasaḥ sthāyī rasānāṁ nāṭake sadā*
rasāstadanuyogitvādanye tu vyabhicāriṇaḥ
—*Saṅgītaratnākara*, VII. 1682.

the future, all the same. His message to man torn between joy and suffering is a lesson drawn from Nature:

> On one side the Moon sets behind the Western mount, and on the other side the Sun comes to view in all his red glory. By the simultaneous downfall and rise of the two luminaries, the people are counselled, as it were, in their vicissitudes of fortune.

It is for us to pause and consider whether Kālidāsa's message is narrower or broader than that of the Western poets.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

OTHERWHERE

Oh, dwell in your own world,
And there, confined, yet free,
Heed not the insistent flesh,
But be rooted like a tree
In cool tranquillity;
Or, rest like sea-shell curled
On the edge of a sea of dreams,
While the timeless hours slip by,
And self from self redeems,
And lost are worldly themes.
Then pluck joy like a rose
From out the thorns of fate,
And roam, in thought, strange lands
Beyond life's prison gate....
There, rich adventures wait.

HERBERT BLUEN

FOUNDATIONS OF THE ABBEY

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** takes the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Abbey Theatre to recall the career of the old, famous Abbey of Yeats.—Ed.]

When W. B. Yeats established the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in the early years of the present century it could not be claimed that the country was theatre-minded. The Abbey was only kept alive by means of an annual subsidy from Miss A. E. F. Horniman, who had her own repertory theatre in Manchester. Yet the Abbey soon enjoyed a great reputation in the world of drama and has been credited with inspiring the little-theatre movement in America.

On 3 September 1963, the President of Ireland, Mr. de Valera, laid the foundation-stone of the new Abbey Theatre on the site of the old building, destroyed by fire in 1951. At the ceremony it was revealed that Mr. de Valera had once appeared on the Abbey stage. In 1905 he was asked to take the place of an actor who was ill.

At this point it is fitting to look back and see what the theatre has contributed to the nation during its sixty years' span of activities. Yeats himself had very definite views of the course to be followed. He wanted a "literary" theatre; if possible, a place where verse plays could be performed. These plays were to be of an heroic character, depicting noble and splendid figures from Irish legend. He found such themes in *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*, an appeal to patriotism, and *The Countess Cathleen*, a tale of self-sacrifice set against the rags and horror of the Irish famine years.

Besides this he wanted to bring the life of the people of the fields to the stage. He set himself firmly against drawing-room plays, which he held to be artificial and superficial. In this he agreed with Ibsen, whose movement was then sweeping Europe. But he was resolutely opposed to the Ibsenian social drama and spoke of Ibsen's social plays with lofty contempt as plays "about town councils and drains." He was attracted by imagination rather than realism and was influenced by Eastern philosophy. So it is perhaps not surprising that one of the early plays at the Abbey was Tagore's *The Post Office*.

In his plays about the land he attached great importance to simplicity of speech and naturalness of manner. He wanted actors who could walk on the stage with the deliberate quietness of a man following a plough. To emphasize the point he remarked lightly that it would be a good thing to rehearse the actors in barrels to get the impressive stillness he required. On the acting side he was fortunate in securing the brothers Fay, who worked wonders with the amateur company.

The fame of the Abbey really began when the little company of clerks,

shop assistants, and teachers went to London for a week-end and charmed the critics with their natural manner of acting and their quiet musical speech. Although Yeats visualized the Abbey as a "literary" theatre, it was as an actors' theatre it first won notice, and ever since those days the Abbey has supplied stars to the stage and screen of the world.

Yeats' two-pronged insistence on heroic drama and on rural plays did not endure. The first innovator was Synge, who looked at the Celtic Twilight school of Yeats in a quizzical way and wrote satirically of "The plumed yet skinny Shee" — those legendary fairy-like women whom Yeats admired. In *The Playboy of the Western World,* Synge's best-known play, he poked fun at the daring, heroic deeds of Yeatsean drama. Instead of the legendary Cuchulain, with his mighty battles and the hero-light gleaming from his head, he gave the theatre an uncouth country lad who struck his father down with the blow of a spade on the head, during a squabble in a field, and then went through the country boasting of his great combat — which grew greater at each telling — until his father, with his head bandaged caught up with him. Synge also wrote *Riders to the Sea* about the grinding existence of the fishermen on the Western seaboard, with hunger and the sea always clutching at their frail boats.

While Ireland was undeveloped and all her industrial possibilities neglected it was easy to think of the country as divided into two — the Big House with the great gates on the one side and the huddle of whitewashed cabins, where the labourers lived, outside the gates. At this period the Yeats formula of aristocratic glory and peasant simplicity corresponded roughly — in poetic fashion — with the realities of Irish life. But when conditions began to change other strata of the community clamoured for expression on the stage.

Lennox Robinson — early and youthful manager of the Abbey — began to write plays about the middle class in towns and cities. *Church Street* lifted the curtain on faded gentility while *Drama at Inish* explored the middle class milieu with dry humour. But it was left to Sean O'Casey — from his vantage ground of the Dublin tenements — to give dramatic form to the pulsating life of the city underworld. He began with *The Shadow of a Gunman* in 1923 and went on to write his greatest play, *Juno and the Paycock.*

Yeats accepted these plays and they put new life into the Abbey, which had languished during the troubled years of ambushes and fighting. This and the curfew imposed by the authorities left little room for drama on the stage. O'Casey was able to give these recent events dramatic impact. Some of his characters were drawn directly from the actual participants in the conflict, and Dubliners felt the drama in their bones. Whether Yeats was reluctant to yield place to this tenement drama is hard to say, though

he did observe that "rural drama had gone and slum drama was going." His rejection of *The Silver Tassie* (a later play) suggests heart-burnings though it is true that the Abbey did itself honour by accepting the play later.

My own guess at Yeats's attitude is that he did not object to the O'Casey slum characters, who had the same capacity for strong simple drama as his people of the fields. What he never wanted in the Abbey was the colourless, mechanical speech of clerks who were unable to mix poetry with the life of the counting house or office. He explained his preference for plays of rural life by saying that the peasant was more likely to express drama in speech than the sophisticated dwellers in the drawing-room who, in moments of intense crisis, would gaze thoughtfully into the fire and say nothing.

The full impact of the new industrial Ireland was felt in the Abbey after the Shannon electricity scheme — which brought light and power to the country — was launched. Denis Johnston in his *Moon in the Yellow River* presented a group of militant idealists who want to blow up the dam which directs the tremendous rush of water to generate electric power. They want to go back to the old simple life. In this play the leader of the idealists is shot by one of the new men who describes him laconically as an obstacle to progress. The Ireland of Shannon power confronts the old Ireland of Celtic Twilight and its harsh glare drives out the softer shadows.

These plays belong to the twenties and thirties, in many ways the most remarkable in the theatre's history, for at that time the rapid changes in the life of the country were shown on the stage so that the people saw themselves as if in a mirror. Since these formative years there have been many good plays but none which cast a beam like a searchlight on Ireland's past and future.

R. M. Fox

THE WHOLE WORLD practises acting.

—Inscription on Globe Theatre, Southwark
(Seventeenth Century)

MENTAL PHENOMENA AND "PHYSIOLOGICAL MECHANISM"

[**Mr. Charles J. Seymour** relates a significant personal experience which bears on the question of the nature of man. Especial success in tracing the mechanisms by which man's vehicles respond to his consciousness has created in our generation a tendency to conclude that the mechanisms *are* the man. Mr. Seymour urges persuasively the truth that man exceeds somehow all the fixed, analysable processes, that the Self survives untouched behind any impairment of them. The nightmare of scientific "control" of the *real* human being is after all a nightmare; such control is in practice impossible. "Angels and ministers of heaven defend us."—Ed.]

A Dr. Walter, head of the physiological department of a neurological institute in England, read a paper to members of the S.P.R. (the Society for Psychical Research) not long ago. Now psychical researches have this implied "frame of reference": they assume that there are certain phenomena associated with human beings which result from something that is above (or at least apart from) the processes of man's physical brain and his body — whatever the something may be. This is necessarily the psychical researcher's starting-point; for if he viewed all the phenomena evinced by man as being purely of psychosomatic origin, there would be nothing for him to research into: the phenomena could be left for study to the medical profession, psychologists, psychiatrists, and alienists. The lecturer, however, set this aside when facing his audience, and at once declared his own position forthrightly. "I assume," he said, "that all mental — or, if you like, psychic — phenomena can be rigorously described in terms of physiological mechanism."

This assumption, of course, is nothing new. It is the familiar *non possumus* of not a few persons who are brought into close contact with the physiological processes of the human organism and to whom someone may suggest that they are possibly encountering, unaware, in the course of their work, some metaphysical or para-psychical factors or elements. This is their response because they see that if some of a patient's processes cease or are obstructed by disease or damage, he becomes something other than his previous self — something different, something less. So they are prone to conclude that there is "nothing there" in humanity save brain-body functioning.

By a coincidence, and an unhappy one, one of my friends had to undergo a serious brain operation almost at the time the lecture was delivered.

An active man, of strong constitution, he had suddenly become aware of a tendency in himself to "have fits" — a slight black-out on each occasion and some frothing at the mouth. This was so utterly unlike any ex-

perience that he thought could be his that he "shrugged it off," thinking that he had only been overworking somewhat, and must "ease up." And his doctor could find nothing wrong with him, agreed that it was "probably a case of overdoing things," and recommended a rest and a holiday. My friend acted on the advice, but the attacks recurred, and, returning home, he was thoroughly x-rayed, when it was discovered that he had a brain tumour. An operation was performed and the growth removed, and with it, unavoidably, a portion of the brain tissue.

I visited him at the earliest permitted moment during his convalescence, with, as may be supposed, sad forebodings; for it seemed that he now would not be, could not be, the man I had known. At our meeting, I certainly saw changes, but would come to no conclusion as to their possible nature and extent until I had seen him again. This came later, and then indeed I did have to take note of changes — how could it be otherwise in such a case? — a diminution of his mental powers and, accordingly, an associated alteration of personality.

But this also was evident to me, and I felt it to be crucial and vital: I saw, again and again, from his responses, that my friend was "there," as one might say, the complete self that I had known for so many years. Indicia, some slight, but none the less unmistakable, came repeatedly, leaving me with no doubt that his self, in its fullness, *was endeavouring to communicate with me*. And that, I am sure, is always the position in these terrible cases: disease or destruction of brain tissue does *not* annihilate the essential man, or his fullness: it only prevents or impedes him from *manifesting* as he formerly did. Observers in surgical wards and clinics rarely have the data which would enable them to see this persistence of the self as one who knows the patient and loves him can see it. They have a person come to them, mark his conversation and behaviour before the operation, and then compare them with those that follow it. They see and record the differences, of course, and their immersion in those medical-history data predisposes them to the conclusion that "all is physiological mechanism." But one who has known a patient for many years — perhaps all his life (as I have known my friend, for he is younger than I) — and who has again and again been at grips with him in all his characteristics and nuances of personality, is alone able to perceive that the brain operation has not expunged that central true self, but has only, as I have said, affected its *manifestation*. In a word, I have had evidence that my friend is still essentially the man, the person, that I have always known. At times I had the sensation of being on a faulty telephone with him: there were dislocations and interruptions along the line, so to say, but even the relatively little that came through from him was sufficient fully to "establish his identity." But a stranger could

not have received this assurance of identity from the imperfect "messages." He would say: "I am by no means convinced that the bits and pieces that I heard indicated that the caller I had in mind was communicating." Only one who had had much previous experience of the man "at the other end" could have told.

In reflecting upon the experience, I came to this: it seemed to me that a certain order of thinking is encouraged in the world by those all-is-mechanism "findings." And that this comes about because medical men, and particularly the brain-specialists, are regarded with much respect among us (justly so, in view of their splendid curative and preventative work). By many people they are no doubt broadly classed with scientists, and because of the latter-day remarkable achievements of science, in the spheres of nuclear physics, space-probing, and the application of technology to industry and to our everyday lives, one may tend to become dazzled, fascinated, and to believe that (as the leader-writer of a national newspaper declared the other day), "the future of this world is in the hands of these men of science."

And a by-product of that anticipation is the enquiry whether, in the future, science will perhaps be able to "transform" life — human life: whether the advancing "technique of automatisms" *can be carried over into the realm of human personality*. That is to say, we know how we can influence and control Nature in connection with cattle-breeding, the production of new varieties of plants, cereals, and the like. If, then, man is "solely his brain-body mechanism," why should not, eventually, *new types of men* be bred, various types of men that would be "exactly adjusted" to the needs of the community? For example — and this is at the root of what is envisaged — a caste of "low-grade" persons who, from birth, would be virtually as mindless as cattle, a race of robot-humans produced solely to perform all the laborious and irksome tasks, and to whom, of all ways of life, this would be the most desirable: happiness ensured for them because they had been ushered into the world with no abilities, or even wishes, above that level.

This notion of an animal-like stratum of society has been looked at and sometimes explicitly discussed by quite a number of writers and sociologists (as a possibility, not necessarily by any of them with approval: indeed, the possibility has sometimes been viewed with horror) as well it might be, as a dreadful piece of imagining.

It is a sally of the imagination, only. Probably no reader of this magazine fears that it can ever come to pass; for man is a spiritual being, and no "selective breeding" by science, even at the height of its resources and discoveries, could ever make him otherwise, could ever "evict God" from him. No attempt of the kind could succeed: all the calculations of the

eugenists would be upset, and they would find, no matter how completely they isolated their "specimens" and compelled inbreeding among them, that all manner of qualities and faculties that has been "outlawed," would emerge, and demonstrate the foundational spiritual nature and the dignity of the individual.

It is apparent, however, that the idea of a "slave stratum" attracts the minds of some persons, of the mechanistic and Behaviourist "schools." In effect they are saying: "Go to the ant, thou sentimentalist, and admire — and copy — the perfect every-square-peg-in-a-square-hole organization of its heap." These will learn, in time, that it is the destiny of man to achieve something rather finer than an instinct-motivated-and-powered Heap.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

O SUPREME GENEROSITY of God the Father, O highest and most marvellous felicity of man! To him it is granted to have whatever he chooses, to be whatever he wills! Beasts as soon as they are born bring with them from their mother's womb all they will ever possess: but on man, when he came into life, the Father conferred the seeds of all kinds and the germs of every way of life. Whatever seeds each man cultivates will grow to maturity and bear in him their own fruit. Who would not admire this our chameleon?

—PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

THE QUIET PEOPLE

[Our old friend, **Mr. Ernest V. Hayes,** is prompted by recent noisy scandals and the Denning Report to reflect that, after all, the world is made up for the most part of people who neither make nor love much noise — people who go quietly through their lives and work a little towards making their souls as they go. These are the plain people, whom Lincoln loved, "because there are so many of them." Real life is theirs; for in being involved in the small, plain duties of life they are unconsciously (and some of them more consciously than "superior" people suppose) taking the first steps on the path of Spiritual Living.—Ed.]

> The Press, in holding up a mirror to the age, has to satisfy the curiosity human beings feel about one another's lives.
>
> —*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (Friday, 27 September 1963)

The very responsible English newspaper quoted above is commenting on the Denning Report, so widely circulated that there is no need to comment on it in this article. Does the Press in any country have to satisfy such curiosity? It could be affirmed that the Press has no right to seek to satisfy mere "spyology" mostly concerned with unsavoury scandals and misbehaviours, arousing in some readers a sense of delight and in others (we hope) a sense of distress. Is the "curiosity" as vividly felt about the sufferings, toils, undeserved difficulties, quiet decency, courage, and usefulness of one another? No. It is in the sexual transgressions of other people that people want to penetrate, and all their other vices in a lesser order of interest. "Am I not entitled to be my brother's keeper, even a distant brother through sensational journalism?" No, you are only to be your brother's brother. Then you will only know what your brother tells you, hoping for your sympathy and help rather than your curiosity. What he unveils to you of his own accord, he unveils by drawing aside the heavy curtain of his own sanctuary; he unveils because he invites your brotherliness. If you peep behind the curtain, or through the keyhole of his bedroom or his bathroom, you become a more unpleasant kind of spy than those whose profession is espionage in the interests of a State — which must be in a bad state to need it. The professional spy has some excuse for his activities; you, as the amateur peeper into other people's lives, have no excuse at all.

There are, of course, many of a curious type that like to be spied upon; they could be called "strip-teasers"; they supply show for those who like to peep. But you will not find either among the quiet peoples of the earth. And taking the total population of this world, so far as it can be labelled civilized, most are quiet and even very quiet. Yet, in most countries today, they are all-powerful. The total population of the globe mounts higher

and higher, and will do so in the years to come. If we can silence and cover the comparative few that love their own exhibitionism, aided by the Press, they can sin as badly as they wish (among those like-minded) so long as there is no public annoyance, leading to the erroneous conclusion that most cities today are more corrupt than Rome or Corinth, A.D. 100 and onwards. Patches of corruption were, are, and will be. The majority of quiet human beings were, are, and will be in contradistinction; and if we encourage them rather than give publicity to the depraved (which is exactly what the depraved crave for) the massive strength, the irresistible force, of the majority will continue to work their unheralded progress through their simpler and cleaner lives, and then, slowly — "a nobler race than e'er the world has known shall rise. . . ." Corruption has no immortality in it; only fetid offence.

What somewhat terrifies us is the increases in population, especially in great cities. But what should alarm us is a possible increase in the number of delinquents, some of whom are not dealt with by the law. So long as the increases are of quiet people, whether in Bombay or Peking, London or Paris, New York, San Francisco or Vietnam (North or South), Moscow or Oslo, all to the good. We used to say during the bombing of London in the last war: "London can take it." She had to — and did. So with increased populations — so long as they are of decent, honest-to-God, industrious men and women — let them all come! Not perhaps into a régime of insolent wealth and orgy on one hand and corroding poverty and dreariness on the other (and necessarily for the majority). No, not that. But the recovery of the spirit of ancient Sparta under Lycurgus, or some of the pictures of Ancient India. And the world of quiet people, happy people, will accept all the increases of population — with the decreases in the number of loud-mouthed delinquents and the secret enemies in themselves of human nobility, health, sanity, and modesty — "and every life shall be a song when all the earth is paradise." Not a prophecy of any note speaking of the Future but speaks along such lines — speaks positively, because it concentrates on the millions that want to live peaceably, profitably, because simply. In the interval now upon us, the happier we, if we can know that we uphold the sacred law of non-violence and the law of personal integrity, judging no man, "spying out no man's faults." For judging helps no-one, not even the judge. Curiosity about other lives never helps; ready sympathy for a confidence made can be a means to help. A withdrawal from all that is soiling; a brotherhood for all who are soiled and especially all who want to be clean again. No greater work can any man do, though a Premier, a Scientist, or a Priest.

ERNEST V. HAYES

BE YOUR OWN REFUGE

[**Shri R. N. Kak, B.Sc., LL.B.,** has for many years been interested in a comparative study of Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, and Islam. His special interest is in Buddhism.

In this article he sets out clearly and simply some of the instructions to be found in the *Sati-paṭṭhāna Sutta*, which contains the Tathagata's exhortation: "Be your own refuge."—Ed.]

About ten months before the passing away of the Buddha, He was living in a small village called Beluva. A serious illness befell him. He suppressed his illness by an effort of will, got up from his bed, and sat down in a shady place. His faithful attendant and cousin Ānanda requested him to give instructions concerning the community of monks. The Buddha replied:

> What is it, Ānanda, that the community of Monks expects from me? The teaching, Ānanda, has been proclaimed by me without making any distinction between esoteric and exoteric. The perfect one knows not the closed fist of secretive teachers in regard to his teaching. Who thinks, "I shall lead the community of monks, and it should follow me," it is such a one who may wish to give some last instructions concerning the community of monks.

Then he made a solemn utterance, which carries a particular significance. This is one of the most important teachings of the Master:

> Be your own island, Ānanda, be your own refuge! Do not take any other refuge! Let the teaching be your island, let the teaching be your refuge; do not take any other refuge.
>
> And how, Ānanda, does a monk take himself as an island, himself as refuge, is without any other refuge? How is the teaching his island and refuge, and nothing else?
>
> Herein a monk dwells practising body contemplation on the body . . . feeling contemplation on feelings . . . mind contemplation on the mind . . . mind-object contemplation on mind-objects, ardent, clearly comprehending, and mindful, having overcome covetouness and grief concerning the world.
>
> In that way, Ānanda, will a monk be his own island and refuge, without any other; in that way will he have the teaching as his island and refuge, and nothing else.
>
> And all those, Ānanda, who either now or after my death, will dwell being their own island, their own refuge, without any other; having the teaching as island and refuge, and nothing else — it is they among my bhikkhus who will reach the utmost height if they are willing to train themselves.

This discourse, known as *Sati-paṭṭhāna Sutta* and in Sanskrit as *Smṛti-upasthāna Sūtra*, occurs twice in the Buddhist scriptures. It is the 10th

Discourse of the *Majjhima Nikāya,* the "Middle Collection of Discourses" and the 22nd Discourse of the *Dīgha Nikāya,* the Long Collection, where its title is *Mahā-Satipaṭṭhāna Sutta.* In the latter version a detailed treatment of the Four Noble Truths is included in that section of the "contemplation of mental contents" which deals with them. This deals with the seventh factor of the Noble Eightfold Path, under the name of *Sammā-Sati,* Right Mindfulness. Among the Buddhists of the Hinyāna School (adhering strictly to the Pali Canon of the original Teaching), no other Discourse of the Buddha enjoys such popularity as the *Sati-paṭṭhāna Sutta.*

1. The Contemplation of the Body (*Kāyānupassanā*)

(a) Mindfulness of Breathing: The contemplation of the body starts with "Mindfulness on breathing in and breathing out" (*Ānāpāna-Sati*). It is an exercise in observation and not a breathing exercise like the *prāṇayāma* of Hindu Yoga. There is no interference with the process of breathing. Its natural flow is observed and attention paid to it without any strain or rigidity. By regular practice, however, a calming and deepening of breath will result and the tranquillization of the breath-rhythm will lead to a tranquillization of the entire life-rhythm. In the evanescence of breath we perceive the impermanence of the body; in ailments of the respiratory organs, we become aware of the suffering associated with the body. Considering breath as a manifestation of the wind element (*vāyo-dhātu*), it becomes evident that the body is activated by impersonal forces. The interdependence of the body and the breath shows the conditional nature of the body. Thus mindfulness of breathing helps towards a true understanding of the body and to detachment from it.

(b) Mindfulness of the Bodily Postures: Its main purpose is to increase the awareness of one's bodily behaviour when standing, sitting, moving, etc. It happens that the consciousness of the "act" of going is completely forgotten because of our preoccupation with thoughts about the "aim" of going. By directing our attention to the posture and movement, any harmful distortions of the body and nervous haste will be restrained or corrected. Conscious control over the body will increase.

Mindfulness of postures will, in course of time, make one view the postures just as unconcernedly as one views the automatic movements of a life-sized puppet. This detached objectivity in observing the postures of the body will gradually dissolve the habitual identification of oneself with the body.

(c) Clear Comprehension: It extends to all the functions of the body. The practice of clear comprehension teaches circumspect and purposeful action, for practical ends; for the purpose of progress in the *Dhamma;* for a merging of life and spiritual practice; for an understanding of the impersonality of bodily processes; for the resulting detachment from the body.

(d) Parts of the Body: If with a fairly good concentration of mind, without being diverted into repulsion or attraction, one visualizes the various parts of the body, one will be able to achieve a growing detachment from the body and an effectless disenchantment from sensuality. Though this contemplation is sometimes called "the meditation on loathsomeness," the effect produced by its practice is not that of revulsion or of gloom. It eventually results in unruffled calmness and sometimes, even, exhilaration resulting from sober, analytical observation.

(e) The Four Elements: This practice continues the mental resolution of the body into the four primary manifestations of matter which it has in common with inanimate nature. The result will be disenchantment, alienation, and detachment, as well as an awareness of "egolessness" in the body. The analysis of the body into the four elements (*dhātu-vavatthāna*) has always been regarded as very important in Buddhist tradition because it effectively breaks the rooted hold on our minds of the seeming compactness and substantiality of the body.

(f) The Cemetery Contemplations: One either obtains the actual objects of these contemplations for direct observation or the objects are vividly visualized. They are meant to arouse, in a sensual nature, disgust towards the objects of desire. They are also an object-lesson in the impermanence of this composite body.

II. The Contemplation of Feeling (*Vedanānupassanā*)

"Feeling" (or, in Pali, *vedanā*) signifies pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent sensations of physical or mental origin. It is not used in the sense of emotion. Feeling, in this sense, is the first reaction to any sense-impression. In the formula of "Dependent Origination" (*Paṭicca-samuphāda*), Buddha shows the "conditional arising of this whole mass of suffering" from Feeling, which is mainly based on sense-impression. Feeling is the potential condition of Craving, and subsequently of more intense clinging (*Vedanā-paccayā taṇha; taṇha-paccayā upadānaṁ*). If in receiving a sense-impression, one is able to stop at the phase of Feeling and make it the object of Attention, Feeling will not be able to originate Craving or other passions. An undue stress on the Feeling aspect of reality marks emotional natures. Right Mindfulness about Feeling helps one in maintaining an inner balance and contentedness, which are needed so greatly among the vicissitudes of life. Right Mindfulness also prevents us from disregarding the "feelings" of others. We observe with detachment the "feelings" of others and compare them with our own and thus we are able to observe "feelings," whether our own or others', in a detached and impersonal way.

III. The Contemplation of the State of Mind (*Cittānupassanā*)

Here the mind is subjected to bare Attention. The object of observation is the condition and the level of mind, or consciousness in general. As

far as mind-training is concerned, the chief benefit of the contemplation of the state of mind lies in its being an effective way of self-examination. This leads to an increasing knowledge of the self. Allowing the simple facts of observation to make their impact on the mind is much better and efficacious than a method of introspection that enters into arguments of self-justification and self-accusation or into a search for "hidden motives." With the latter, some may become self-conscious, unsure of themselves; for others may result inner conflict or feelings of guilt or inferiority; others may become completely enwrapped in their conceit. All these risks are absent in the bare registering, which can easily become a natural function of the mind, free from egocentric concern.

IV. The Contemplation of Mental Contents (*Dhammānupassanā*).

By the regular practice of this contemplation, the contents of thought will gradually assume the thought forms of the *Dhamma,* in the sense of Buddha's teaching of actuality and liberation. The qualities to be abandoned and the qualities to be acquired should be fully observed. This should be done, keeping the Teaching always in view. If one of the mental Hindrances or a Factor of Enlightenment is present or absent in the meditator, he should be fully aware of this fact. He should know the fetters that arise, dependent on both the eye and the form of the object perceived. Clear comprehension is employed (i) to avoid and finally annihilate the respective Hindrances and fetters and (ii) to produce and develop the Factors of Enlightenment. By relating each occurrence to the Four Truths, an effort should be made to make all life one with spiritual practice.

The three contemplations of Feeling, State of Mind, and Mental Contents and the Contemplation of the body all converge in the central conception of the *Dhamma*: *Anatta,* Not-Self. This *Sati-paṭṭhāna Sutta* foundation of Mindfulness may be regarded as a comprehensive instruction for the realization of the liberating truth of *Anatta. Anatta* has the two important aspects of egolessness and voidness of substance. The way of Mindfulness is not only a "message of help" but a "message of self-help." Self-help is the only effective help. *Sati-paṭṭhāna* is free from dogmas, from reliance on "divine revelations" or any external authority in spiritual matters. This teaching of self-help is very well summed up in the *Dhammapada*:—

> By self alone is evil done, by self one is defiled;
> By self is evil left undone, by self alone one is purified.
> Pure and impure on self alone depend;
> No one can make another pure.

R. N. Kak

THE PLACE OF PHILOSOPHY IN NATIONAL EDUCATION

[**Dr. Syed Vahiduddin** is Head of the Department of Philosophy at Osmania University. He pleads for an appreciation of the power of philosophy to correct the ruling bias in favour of technology, to provide a means of integration of various aspects of study, and to bring into focus our cultural crisis.

The truth is that we cannot escape having a philosophy. By decrying philosophy as unpractical we only ensure that instead of a trained mind we use vague preferences, illegitimate extensions from particular fields of study, and slipshod generalizations in forming those general attitudes which govern our conduct and our sentiments in the presence of actual experience. "The uncriticized life," said Socrates, "is not worth living." The study of Life as a whole that contains but transcends all our special interests is philosophy; and in a matter of such importance it would be best for us to use a disciplined method of study.—Ed.]

Education is a problem of cultural growth, and any attempt to evolve a system of education without philosophical understanding is to betray our ignorance of the history of education. The classical systems of education have been inspired by philosophical idealism, and it is only in the recent past that the experimental psychologist has begun to encroach upon a field which was once the exclusive concern of the philosopher. Without in any way denying the value of experimental work in the field of education, it may be safely affirmed that education as a cultural requirement demands a sensitive perception of the values and ideals which inform our culture. The problem of education is not exhausted in measuring intelligence or in providing vocational guidance. What is more important is to know man's response to values, the changes that the impact of an alien culture brings about in his value perspective, and the difference of accent in the consciousness of values in the course of man's personal history. What is required today is to make education again a philosophical concern and the subject of philosophical evaluation. Unfortunately philosophy has become suspect in our country, and it is assumed, all too naïvely, that the salvation of the underdeveloped countries lies in the suppression of the philosophical quest and passion. The enthusiasts of science tend to believe that philosophy is a dreamer's dream and has no practical worth and concern.

A dangerous ambiguity, however, lurks in every concept of "the practical." More often than not we are tempted to call practical all that is useful. Kant distinguishes between what is technically practical and what is morally practical. The practical for him is of course essentially the moral, and his practical philosophy deals with the nature of the moral area which is constituted by good-will. The Italian philosopher Croce distinguishes

between two different moments of the practical activity of the spirit, the moral and the economical. It is, therefore, unwarranted to find in the practical an exclusive reference to utility and to find fault with philosophy because it does not serve any utilitarian purpose. If our age has really lost sensitivity to anything which is not useful, it is the function of philosophy to awaken in man the consciousness of another order of reality and to develop appreciation for values which cannot be reduced to utilitarian terms.

It is clear that the alternative between science and philosophy is not genuine; for the order of contemplation and that of action interpenetrate. If it is true that a little philosophy makes one irreligious and sceptical, but the more we imbibe it the more religious we become in spirit, it is no less evident that only a superficial knowledge of the sciences prompts neglect of the philosophical quest and that even physical science in its higher reaches coincides with philosophy itself. We may here take a cue from Professor Paul Tillich's analysis of the religious situation. As we may concede that religion does not build an isolated area of its own but represents the depth dimension of every human experience, we may add that philosophy does not stand for an autonomy which is gained at the expense of isolation but represents the depth dimension of every science. Parapsychology may develop from psychology, and physics may lead to metaphysics. It is of course true that philosophy has also an area with which the sciences are not concerned, the area of values and man's answers to the varieties of value experience. Though it is true that philosophy has more problems than science can lead to, the moment science becomes conscious of the ultimate, it moves into the philosophical area. It is most unfortunate that in our universities there is hardly any provision for the study of the history of the sciences. The historical perspective is needed to overcome the dogmatism of science and to show how science has its origin in philosophy and its terminus in philosophical adventure. We have now to fight against misconceptions about the nature of science and misapprehensions about the function of philosophy. Science is often identified with technology and the way in which the results of scientific efforts have been applied in industries. Our idol is the science which has given fruit and the technological advance which it has made possible. But the theories which later became responsible for the Industrial Revolution were not originally conceived with a practical end in view. Theories are not born of practical needs. Man is led to theoretical reflection in the pursuit of knowledge. It is another thing if theoretical activity provokes practical repercussions.

The neglect of philosophical disciplines has more than one cause. The common biased view that philosophy is a luxury which few have the

leisure to pursue and a luxury which can be dispensed with has contributed most to this indifference. But more than this the idea that philosophy is abstract thinking without any relation to life has been at work to suppress among our young men and women any active interest in philosophical pursuits. Hegel in a famous essay raised the question: Who thinks in the abstract, the philosopher or the man in the street? He answered in his characteristic way that it was the common man who represented abstract thinking. If by abstraction is meant piecemeal thinking without reference to the whole it involves the poverty of content, and a man who is not married may be said to lead an "abstract" life. As against this abstraction, philosophy is integral thought. It is true that the days of the old systems are past and we cannot consider any system of thought the last word of human knowledge. The dialectical process avenged itself on Hegel and proved in no uncertain terms that hardly any human achievement could claim finality. Philosophy at best can only be an open pursuit, which may lead us to alternative conclusions.

We cannot by any means close our eyes to the fact that philosophy is as important a part of our culture as art and religion. If our culture is to survive the stress to which it is exposed, it can only be through the development of an integral outlook which finds room for art, religion, and philosophy, which are the main pillars of our culture. All three are provoked by the same basic situation, the mystery that envelops us everywhere. Philosophy, however, has for a long time been identified with Metaphysics, with a general theory of reality and with issues with which theology is concerned. What am I? What is the end of creation and the destiny of man? Is there an end of time and history? These and allied questions provoked theological and metaphysical controversies and, whether they make sense or not, they will continue to have a strange fascination for the human mind. Philosophy has the principle of movement in itself, and in every period of history and culture it finds its relevant expression. One thing is clear and this is the undeniable fact that every metaphysical question leaves room for more than one alternative. If we are to posit God we may wonder whether He is transcendent or immanent or both, and whether He is a person or more than a person.

But philosophical activity has as much concern with the immediate as with the ultimate. It is now realized more than ever that, however important its ultimate concern may be, its immediate concern is culture. In other words, philosophy is immediately concerned with history and with the values which become transparent in history. It is as a systematic attempt to understand the meaning of culture, and to meet the crisis with which our culture is faced that philosophy has to play a vital role in education. It is a pity that today education has become more a concern of the

administrator than the philosopher, and that as a result our education has lost *rapport* with the spiritual currents of our history and culture. Indiscipline of the young, for example, is not an administrative problem but a partial expression of the spiritual *malaise* which has infected human culture. Hence without a philosophical approach even the immediate problems cannot be satisfactorily dealt with. An increase in the number of marks or a change in the pattern of examination cannot serve any purpose. What really matters is the integration of courses by creating a new balance between sciences and the humanities and by assigning to philosophy an important place in the educational scheme. If this is done we do not require General Education, for which our students have shown a decisive aversion. In the recent past, C. G. Jung on the psychological plane and Shri-Aurobindo on the mystic philosophical plane have shown the need of an integral approach.

Philosophy alone can serve as an integrating agency and counteract as much the exclusiveness of the sciences as that of specific religions. Philosophy then is to be cultivated as a part of our culture. As a phenomenon of our culture it is the adventure of the human spirit, and it is not so much the function of literature, as Matthew Arnold thought, as that of philosophy, to offer a criticism of life. Only philosophical integration can do justice to the specific character of every aspect of our culture. What "scientism" has prevented us from seeing is that the categorical pattern of different sciences cannot be uniform and the different spheres of reality require understanding in terms of categorical differences. The categorical pattern of the physical sciences cannot be applied to biology or that of biology to psychology. History offers a totally different field. Here the individual predominates and the typical and the recurrent go into the background. Further the philosophical insight has much in common with the vision of the artist and the seer. This common feature does not, however, deprive philosophy of cognitive content, but rather assign a cognitive reference to artistic creativity and religious contemplation. There is, therefore, a profound truth in Hegel's attempt to consider philosophy, religion, and art as having the same object, which they express on different levels of knowledge. Though there is no reason why we should consider conceptual knowledge as the highest, it is true that religion and art have not only an emotive significance but also a decisive cognitive reference.

It is therefore as a loving quest of truth and as a study of cultural values that philosophy must enjoy a privileged place in our educational system. Only philosophy can counteract the overemphasis on political life and concern, and can breed virtues which can neutralize the baneful influence of political exclusiveness. What distinguishes the political life from the philosophical is the fact that whereas in politics only success counts,

in philosophy failures are of no less account. In a way every great system of philosophy is a failure, but one which eloquently speaks for the glory of intellectual adventure. The consciousness of failure as a constitutive element of human culture must breed in frustration but provides an incentive to fresh adventures in ideas. The conclusions at which philosophy arrives are not conclusive indeed, but rather testify to the inconclusive character of every human adventure. This makes us sensitive to the limitations of the human situation and the persistence of the desire to go beyond them creates a divine discontent and makes room for religious commitments. If philosophy can do nothing but remind man of his existential insecurity and the crisis to which it periodically leads in history, it deserves recognition in our system of education and has a function which no science or art can replace. The need of the moment is the preservation of our culture in a crisis and as the consciousness of the crisis becomes most pronounced in philosophy, it is in the interest of our future to promote an area of inquiry which is so sensitive an expression of the culture we seek to preserve.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

THIS made it the more likely that he had seen a true vision; for instead of making common things look commonplace, as a false vision would have done, it had made common things disclose the wonderful that was in them.

—GEORGE MACDONALD

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE ENDLESS QUEST *

In each of Hannah Closs's three novels on the Albigensian "heresy," history, legend, and the author's imaginative power fuse into a symbolistic crystal with many shining facets; and the trilogy as a whole has an "epic sweep" and a compelling spiritual significance that set it apart — a star on the firmament of the contemporary novel. Both *High Are the Mountains* and *Deep Are the Valleys* were written with deep feeling for the subject, but it is in the final volume of the trilogy, *The Silent Tarn,* that the author's vision comes nearest to being realized. Mrs. Closs left it incomplete — all but complete — and this is significant too. The story of the Grail Quest — how can it be finally concluded? We are led to the "silent tarn," there is a hint of things to come, there is the assurance of the renewal of the Quest, and so the story breaks off rather than formally concludes. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will!

Mrs. Closs's approach to history is that of a poet, a mystic, and a visionary. History is not falsified; it is seized and mastered and transcended. Central to the scheme of the trilogy is the Cathar-Catholic polarity, and persons, passions, and events spin round the axis. In the foreground, however, there is Wolf, the hero, who is a prey to inquisitions and insurrections both within and without. While he is tortured by the Inquisitor Arnauld, the memory of the French prisoner causes Wolf viperous reactions. The inquisition without is strangely imaged in the inquisition within, and the tension makes Wolf writhe and also grow into his greater self. Human fanaticism is a deadweight, but human aspiration is a burning brazier of which the flames could soar above Time. Having known both, Wolf is in the end an enfranchised being, who fully deserves the gift of Peace — as symbolized by the "Silent Tarn." By the end of the trilogy, we find in Wolf the man who has scaled the mountains, explored the valleys, and has reached at last the liquid purity and abiding depth of the Tarn, finding in it the silent equality in things, beings, and events: "*Samatvam yoga uchyate,*" as the *Gita* says.

The Albigensian or Cathar "heresy" was Gnostic or Manichean. These dualist churches believed that the phenomenal materialist world was but the creation of the Devil; and they accordingly rejected the divinity of Christ, the Fall, the Atonement, the Resurrection of the body, and other central Christian tenets. Migrating to Europe from the East, the "heresy" flourished in the eleventh and twelfth centuries in Languedoc and Southern France. In spite of the Crusades and the Inquisition, the Cathars were active in certain pockets, and Mrs. Closs's trilogy covers the period from 1209 to 1245. Wolf, the bastard son of Ramon-Roger, the Count of Foix, suffers failure in love (with Miriam), as earlier his hero-worship of Trencavel had also come to a disastrous end; and, living in the twilight of the spirit, he would make his peace with his daemon if he can. When *The Silent Tarn* opens, Wolf is running a Cathar hostel at Durban. But the recrudescence of war destroys this idyll of peace, and Wolf is called to arms. Fate in the form of Jordan of the Isle pursues him. Wolf is presently trapped into accepting the Governorship of Ax. The inevitable betrayal follows, but just when all seems hopeless Peire-Roger and Hugo rescue Wolf from the Inquisitor's clutches and convey him to Ramon of Perelha. The

* *The Silent Tarn.* By Hannah Closs. (The Vanguard Press, New York. 293 pp. 1963. $4.95)

murder of the Inquisitor by Hugo provokes a new wave of repression, and the Cathars are obliged to retreat to the high mountain citadel of Montsegur. Although for a time Montsegur defies the beseigers, Peire-Roger's perfidy makes further resistance useless. But Wolf is persuaded to escape with three other *perfecti* to take the message of the Grail to the world. Even the fall of the Citadel does not mean final defeat for the Cathar faith.

The "plotting" of the novel, excellent as it is, is not as important as the characterization, and this too is gathered up in the larger symbolism which illuminates both story and characters. Mrs. Closs's writing has crystalline purity and suggestiveness and the words do really *create* and *vivify*. The novel opens with the description of the child Esclarmonde building a sand castle:

> And one more stone and yet another, boulder on boulder piled to the bald, blunt crown of that petrified and Cyclopean head . . .
>
> Sitting back on her heels Esclarmonde of Perelha paused in her labours and gazed critically on the image fashioned by her hands. . . .

It is but a child engaged in play, yet bringing into it ardour, animation, energy, contemplation, organization, and above all intensity of vision:

> Imprisoned in its magic ring, the landscape, a world apart, lay bound by a law unfathomable, apprehensible only in sign and symbol, the dark utterance of that secret tongue.

The words "sign and symbol" charm

> Magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

The reader at once remembers the other Esclarmonde — Wolf's aunt — who is the inspiration behind the building of the Montsegur Citadel. The child and the older woman — Vision, thy name is Woman! — both dream of their respective citadels: the toy-citadel reared on the sand-dunes, and Montsegur structured on the sand-dunes of Time. The vision and the dream that are Montsegur are symbolized in the child's pretty handiwork, and both are linked up with Wolf's experiences near the Tarn at two decisive moments in his life.

If Wolf is the "hero" of the trilogy, the two Esclarmondes are jointly the "heroine." If the aunt Esclarmonde fills the young Wolf with the rapture of a rising citadel on Montsegur, the child instils in him the hope of regeneration when all seems to be lost. The child now grown into a young woman, Esclarmonde

> had taken to her the whole of himself and with it the whole of his loves and hates. But in that sense of liberation there seemed to flow in upon him the fullness of all outside himself.

Deep calls to deep; "the unfathomable depth of water (in the Tarn) and the infinite height of the sky." Beauty is wedded to anguish; and "defeat" is seen to be a necessary step towards the ultimate fulfilment.

How exactly the younger Esclarmonde arms Wolf again with Faith is not explained in the novel. But there is a clue in the notes left by Mrs. Closs. Esclarmonde tells Wolf: "If I do not shrink from you, why should you shrink from yourself?" This might have made Wolf exclaim, with Dante:

> So did my understanding there grow keen
> Soon as I heard her luminous reply,
> And, like a star in heaven, the truth was seen. (*Paradise,* Canto XXIII. DOROTHY L. SAYERS's trs.)

Allegorically interpreted, just as Virgil and Beatrice are not needed by Dante in the last stages of his "journey," Wolf too does not need any more either the Hermit or even Esclarmonde. He is left lone, nude, pure, and free; he must take the final steps to the goal by himself:

> He lifted his eyes to the Pyrenean chain — They were still there — unmitigable as when he was a child, humped with gray rock, shadowed with forest, towering under the silence of those eternal snows. Yet whatever darkness he had to penetrate, whatever summit he yet might reach, even though the mists might descend and swallow him up, he knew that it was only into the fastness of his spirit

he need look to discover the light of Montsegur. . . .

Yet only when we have stopped seeking do we at last tread the path to the goal.

While Montsegur is the primary "symbol," there are others meaningfully related to it and contributing to the total revelation. The Tarn and the valleys below, the hills and the sky above; the snake; the paraclete; the flowers; the "girdle." The "rose" is the symbol of the mystic state in the West no less than the East, and Mrs. Closs makes the "rose" signify passionate idealism in Peire-Roger. But vanity is the pollen that destroys the idealism and turns good things to nought:

Palely waxen in the shuttered light, the five petals formed a shimmering chalice from which the stamens thrust like nails studded with gold — the instruments of the Passion, it struck him, juxtaposed to the tenuous vulnerability of the concupiscent flesh. The agony, the lust for destruction were already implicit within the blossom itself. What need of the crude symbol of the thorns? Wasn't suggestion always more compelling than statement? For that matter, did not the spendthrift pollen itself scatter the first seeds of disintegration?

For the symbol of the "forest," Mrs. Closs goes back to the *Inferno* of Dante; there is an early passage in *The Silent Tarn* which almost seems to be a restatement of the earlier Dantean Cantos:

Dark forests, leaf-enmeshed and out of the tangled gloom, the white beast prancing in his blind career, trampling on flower and leaf — pursuing or pursued?

"The Forest" (the last chapter in the novel) describes Esclarmonde of Perelha's search for Wolf after his rescue by Hugo. This is the "forest perilous," and Esclarmonde is lost for a time; and when she meets him, he is himself the forest, for their conversation is at cross-purposes for a while. But the storm effects a new relationship between them, and they both grow into an awareness of the Eternal Rhythm, having hewn their way already through the tortures of the body and spirit. The fulfilment trembles in the form of a mused question by Esclarmonde:

What relationship was there for all its terrible actuality between Wolf of Foix's hiding in these immense yet terrestrial forests and their meeting in the enchanted territories on the threshold of a second yet no less palpable world? His world or hers — Monmur or Montsegur?

Finally, there is the "Tarn"; it is here that Wolf realizes that the self-divisions and convulsions of the past are at last ended. When he first came to the Tarn, although it made even then a profound impression upon him, that experience was poisoned by the fact that it was there too he met Jordan, the evil ray in the spectrum of his life. Knowledge was flawed by doubt, the light was crossed by a shadow. From then on for many years Wolf has had to zig-zag his way through ambiguities, false trails and falser mirages, till — back at the Tarn once again — the wheel comes full circle. Esclarmonde of Perelha has made him a new man, a whole man, and a free man; his "ego is integrated at last"; he is ready for the journey, he will carry the message of the Grail. In rendering the epic story of Cathar heroism in imaginative terms, Mrs. Closs has given us a variation of the *Divina Commedia* — Wolf of Foix (Dante), guided by the Hermit (Virgil) and the Esclarmondes (Beatrice), negotiating his way through life's caverns and slopes and meadows, and arriving all passion spent, at the Tarn that is abiding inward peace, and so getting ready for the final assault, the last victory. "A most lovely and poignant work," Miss C. V. Wedgwood has called the novel; and the description is apt, for here we see that the eternal tragedy of man's sojourn upon earth has been transfigured into the divine comedy of man's struggling and despairing, yet also reviving and soaring, spirit.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Literature and Science. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto and Windus, London. 99 pp. 1963. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Our contemporary problem of two divergent cultures was recently in danger of degenerating into acrid controversy. Although Sir Charles Snow's latest addendum has done much to break away from pettiness, it is still the statement of a predominantly scientific mind. Mr. Aldous Huxley enters the discussion as that rarest type of intellect, equally at home in the scientist's and the artist's quarters. The firm stiffening of scientific apprehension has always been a factor of his literary triumphs.

Here, in a concentrated essay that itself moves dazzlingly between scientific and poetic utterance, Mr. Huxley differentiates the aims and expressions of the two. Each seeks to "purify" the tribal language by a contrary method: science by the single, unmistakable, jargonized statement, literature by its multiple meanings and awarenesses from the intimately personal to the grandly spiritual. This latter was once looked on as the "higher" purpose. The present-day realist knows through hard experience that man cannot live by spirit alone in a galloping world which can be controlled and guided only by the hand of science.

While Mr. Huxley tells the scientists to notice literature, his main admonition is to the writer absorbed in his world of personal perplexities, unaware how modern research can help his understanding of the individual, of man's link with the external, of the vast interdependence that creates a unity of all life. Some day, he foresees, will come the writer with a linguistic genius for combining these now-rival utterances into the valid, unified expression of humanity's condition. This genius will have first to get ahead of Mr. Huxley.

SYLVA NORMAN

[Since this review was received Mr. Aldous Huxley has passed away. Let us set down here our sense of the loss to our generation. He was at home in the thougnt-world of East and West, as impartially as in the worlds of science and literature. Few writers of our day equalled his comprehensive scope of mind, his unfailing lucidity of expression.—ED.]

Essays in Philosophy Presented to Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan on His Fiftieth Birthday. (Ganesh and Co., Madras. 527+3 pp. 1962. Rs. 25.00)

This is a fine tribute to a great philosopher — there could hardly be a handsomer one. We must offer bouquets to the editors, who have obviously taken pains to bring together so many persons from different "corners" of the world to express their regard in this way. It speaks volumes for Mahadevan the man as much as for Mahadevan the philosopher.

Having said this, one must admit that it is very difficult to review a book of essays which vary so much in size and quality, fall into no pattern, and lack a focal point. But perhaps just this is the source of its value and charm. Even "philosophy" is construed in a wide connotation, so that, according to the editor-in-chief, we have an "entire cultural spectrum" and a response to "the universal cry of the human heart in distress." I have failed, however, to discover this common purpose. It would have certainly been better if the essays had been arranged under some headings, as they could have been.

Perhaps in line with the adoption of the general "traditional" approach to the subject-matter, analytical essays — philosophy as currently practised, by the high priests — are conspicuous by their absence, and many contributions have a directly practical bias. Indian philosophical topics are dealt with by non-Indian contributors with competence and originality — this made me feel that it was high time we dropped the use of words "Eastern" and "Western" when speaking of such a universal phenomenon as philosophy. Among such essays I may mention Werkmeister's "Beyond the Call of Duty," and K. H.

Potter's "Reality and Dependence in the Indian Darshanas" as having particularly drawn my attention.

The Indian contributions are of unequal value. The very first one, by Swami Nikhilananda, is only a restatement, not a reappraisal, of Advaita philosophy; the second, by Shri G. R. Malkani, goes counter to the first and starts with the curious remark, "For science, everything is real." From there the author goes on to say that "they (i.e., the phenomena that science studies) do not deserve any very serious study," and so on, in the same vein. It is such a radical approach that has won for Indian philosophy such epithets as "other-worldly" and "dogmatic." Potter, with keener insight, insists that it has empirical foundations (p. 161).

For the rest, one gets the impression that the reader is being taken for a breathless run through as many ideas as possible when he would have definitely preferred to be invited to a more leisurely contemplation of a few leading ones. It is impossible to do anything but mention their titles, and this would serve no purpose. The only one which I may single out for mention is by the editor-in-chief, Shri C. T. K. Chari, who is already known to us as a very erudite investigator into the theoretical problems of parapsychology. No wonder he prefaces almost each statement with the mention of the name of an authority and sprinkles many more all over to get to his thesis that personality

> is no rounded, palpable whole providing a long-term investment for our theories. . . . It is more than likely that it admits of all kinds of unstructured and partly structured extensions.

— so different from the "encapsulated" ego approach.

I must say, in fine, that this philosophical anthology will certainly succeed in further endearing the name which it seeks to honour.

A. K. JIANDANI

Psychology and Religion: An Introduction to Contemporary Views. By *G. Stephens Spinks.* (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. xv+221 pp. 1963. 28*s.*)

Among the many books on this theme this takes a distinctive place. Dr. Spinks is highly qualified by his erudition in the fields of psychology and the comparative study of religions, as by that long reflection which yields insight and clarity, to write so comprehensively and with so firm a grasp. He deals first with psychological theories and religion and then with psychology and religious practices. Naturally the study of the unconscious colours, his survey of theories and his chapters on Freud and Jung are illuminating and judicious, but he knows and uses the best that has been thought and said by other notable psychologists as well. He preserves the right balance between psychology and theology, each being an authentic discipline dealing with the facts of experience and each with its own contribution to make to an integrated understanding of those facts. Writing from the standpoint of Christian conviction he makes fruitful use of what other great faiths have to tell and points to the deep sub-stratum of them all. The reality and validity of religion are something common to men of all races and times, though of course there has been development in knowledge and expression from the primitive upwards. His chapter on archetypes, symbols and myths brings this out.

Coming to religious practices he begins with a rather brief but useful sketch of the development of religion in childhood and adolescence. Proceeding to discuss prayer and worship he is much concerned with mysticism. Appreciating the interest and importance of this we should have liked more about religion as experienced by the "ordinary man." This, it would seem, is a matter of particular importance at the present time. If consciously religious people are in the minority and religious indifference, to say the least, is widespread, to what, on the assump-

tion that the religious impulse is native to us all, should the presentation of formulated religion in both belief and practice make its appeal? Perhaps Dr. Spinks will have something to say about this in the further book or books to which this one and its predecessors give us such good reason to look forward.

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

The Mystics of Islam. By REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. vi+178 pp. 1963. 15*s*.)

This reprint of a book published in 1914, and long out of print, is very welcome. It is the work of a great scholar, with a deep and sympathetic understanding of his subject and also a great gift of clear exposition.

In the Introduction he writes of the origin and historical development of Sufism, showing that from Christianity it derived its asceticism and its doctrine of divine love. But Eastern Christian mysticism owed much to Neoplatonism, which had an influence also on Sufism. Something also was derived from Christian Gnosticism and Buddhism. But much of Sufism is based on a mystical interpretation of the Koran.

Asceticism, purification, love, gnosis, saintship are the leading ideas of Sufism and the author writes of the Path along which the Sufi travels to the goal of union with Reality.

After the discipline of the Path the mystic attains to Illumination and Ecstasy. By illumination and inspiration gnosis comes to him. The author quotes a Sufi saying: "Look in your own heart, for the kingdom of God is within you." But why should God desire to be known? Because He is the eternal Beauty and it is natural for beauty to desire love. Gnosis and love cannot be separated. It is to be noted that the Sufi sees God also in His creatures and therefore shows love to them too.

When the lover has seen the Beloved, he himself has passed away. "In the bridal chamber of Unity, God celebrates the mystical marriage of the soul." The mystic has reached the Journey's end.

This book gives a clear statement of the doctrines of Sufism and is illustrated by the author's own fine translations from Sufi writings. It will be of the greatest value to all students of Sufism and also to all interested in mysticism generally.

MARGARET SMITH

Reincarnation: The Ring of Return. Compiled and with an introduction by EVA MARTIN. (University Books, New York. 306 pp. 1963. $5.00)

This book was first published over thirty years ago, and the fact that University Books, New York, have now issued a reprint shows the growing interest that is being taken in the subject. Since the original edition of this book there have been others dealing with reincarnation — e.g., *Reincarnation: An East-West Anthology,* compiled and edited by Joseph Head and S. L. Cranston — but Eva Martin's can still be regarded as a text-book.

It consists solely of quotations from philosophers, sages, saints and seers from 1,400 B.C., and earlier, to our present day; all presenting the same theme in different words and from different viewpoints.

It makes enthralling reading, leaving one with the feeling that "If so many Great Ones have felt thus, surely they cannot *all* be wrong?"

C. BERNARD

VADIRAJA'*s Yaśodharacarita: A Literary Epic with a Sanskrit Commentary by* LAKSMANA. Critically ed. with Variant Readings, English Introduction and Translation by K. KRISHNAMOORTHY. (Karnatak University, Dhar-

war. 234 pp. 1963. Rs. 5.00)

This is a *kāvya* in classical Sanskrit dealing with the Jain tragic hero, Yaśodhara of Ujjain, in four cantos. This is a quaint story of the moral alertness of the King, the cruel inconstancy of his queen, and the ignorant errors of the elder folk — all illustrating the Jain philosophy of the worldly taints and their eradication. It is an old story, although it is uncertain on which version of it the present poet has based this work. But Vādirāja's fine poem, which was composed around A.D. 1030, made the story exceedingly popular with Jain writers and numerous works in course of time came to be written on the ill-luck and the integrity of Yaśodhara.

The present critical edition contains the complete text of *Yaśodharacarita* along with the excellent prose commentary of Lakshmana Jinadāsa, which was prepared according to Dr. Upādhye around A.D. 1550. The editor, Dr. Krishnamoorthy, has consulted as many as eleven palmleaf manuscripts, and has vastly improved on the earlier printed text by T. S. Kuppuswami Sastri (1912). The text and the commentary are not only pruned of various lexicographical errors, but extensive variant readings are furnished in footnotes. The editor has prefaced the Sanskrit text with an elaborate Introduction running to about eighty pages dealing with the author, his date, and works. He has also appended an English translation of Vādirāja's text (pp. 187-224). A very helpful index of the references in Lakṣmaṇa's Commentary appears at the end (p. 230).

The editor, who heads the Department of Sanskrit in the Karnataka University, has to his credit several Kannada translations of works on Sanskrit poetics. And this edition in English, complete with the critical apparatus, establishes him as a scholar of great potentialities. It is an edition which almost reaches perfection. Both the editor and the Karnatak University deserve praise for it.

But when Sanskrit verses are rendered into running English, it is not only unnecessary but would often be improper to retain the original idiom. Consider, for instance, such expressions as "The King's face-lotus" (p. 203); "a little of its fruition" (p. 212); "equal to God Cupid himself" (p. 213); "endowed with mind-concentration" (p. 215). There are some irregular expressions even in English: "vomited out" (p. 191); "eyes staring" (p. 191); "charred by urine" (p. 198); "impending on" (p. 207); etc. But these are minor lapses, and do not interfere with the general excellence of the volume.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Rule and Energy: Trends in British Poetry since the Second World War. The George Elliston Poetry Foundation Lectures, University of Cincinnati, 1962. By JOHN PRESS. (Oxford University Press, London. 1963. 25*s*.)

Mr. John Press was speaking to an American audience in the Lectures that constitute his survey of the younger British poets. They may be read with equal enlightenment by the average Britisher to whom the mingling of voices on the radio or in the new anthologies remains unsorted and ungrouped. The last decade brought us something called the Movement, something vaguer called the Mavericks — both of them dead as John Brown's body while the poets march on. Mr. Press knows all about the itch for labelling and classification. He steps warily and comments wisely, but there is no denying that poets have tendencies and work on influences, no matter how independent and new-born their impact seems.

To begin with, there is background or, it may be, climate. The ordered comforts of a Welfare State subjoined to the threat of the Bomb are not conducive to the shaping spirit. In the thirties poets were fired by politics; they even died for them. In these post-war decades there is only wariness and rejection; social and political commitments are virtually out. They must find another stimulus. Mr. Press looks first

at two contrasting temperaments: the witty, sceptical, argumentative progeny of Eliot and Empson, such as John Wain, Elizabeth Jennings, Kingsley Amis; and the more imaginative, philosophic, visionary followers of Blake via Dylan Thomas and the later poetry of Edith Sitwell. Examples of these symbolic, elemental poets are Vernon Watkins, George Barker and David Gascoigne.

A shade of difference hangs around the "metaphysical" or myth-ridden exponents. Again, there are those concerned with present cultural values (termed, but with respect, "provincial") as opposed, for the purpose of this dissection, to the traditional poet with his broader awareness of other cultures, times and countries.

Yet this arrangement is no more than a temporary squaring of the map, to guide Mr. Press in tracing personal patterns. Each poet within his section is examined, quoted and interpreted, his development watched, his best and worst — an excellent plan — displayed. He is not pleaded for; you may shudder at some, be drawn to some, despite the lecturer's opinion. For a while he will coolly demonstrate, then flash an approval or clamp down a censure. None is praised indiscriminately, none damned utterly. Not one figure — and here is the creative tragedy of our atomic machine-age — stands out in genius high above his fellows. Matthew Arnold, as a critic, held that some periods were propitious to poetry, some not. We can almost hear his verdict on the present years; and it is not the poets who are to blame for it.

SYLVA NORMAN

Virginibus Puerisque: Familiar Studies of Men and Books. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Introduction by M. R. RIDLEY. (Everyman's Library. Dent, London. xii+333 pp. 1963. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

First added to the Everyman series in 1925, this volume, reprinted, brings together the two most enduring contributions made by R.L.S. to the essay form, linked by a theme in each case which revealed his charm, gaiety, urbane wit and common humanity.

There never has been a braver, gayer essayist than Stevenson, and any generation of readers which neglects him will be the poorer for it. In the more famous of the two collections, dedicated to Henley, he said, "Many are already old before they are through their teens." He thought this in 1881; what would he say now, if he were able to visit our crowded cities to scan the anxious, drawn faces of youthful nuclear-age "beats"? Here, in this delightful volume, the reader will find joy in essays on "Walking Tours," "Child's Play," and he might even indulge in a nostalgic sympathy with R.L.S. in his "Plea for Gas Lamps."

Familiar Studies (1882) is purely literary criticism. These essays on Victor Hugo, Robert Burns, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Villon, Samuel Pepys, etc., make good reading now — and nearly all of them are essays in appreciation of their best qualities, not their faults. That was Stevenson's way. Quotable sentences abound: "Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good" ("Virginibus Puerisque"). "Old and young, we are all on our last cruise" ("Crabbed Age and Youth"). "By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle . . ." ("Æs Triplex"). But one could quote from every page. May this welcome reprint be widely read!

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

The Big Idol. By RICHARD B. GREGG. (Navjivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 72 pp. 1963. 75*nP.*)

To the shrinking band of Gandhians belongs Mr. Richard B. Gregg, who has nourished to some purpose the basic seeds of thought sown in his mind during his visit to India at the height

of the freedom movement. *The Big Idol* is a tiny but neat addition to his earlier works on *The Philosophy of Indian Economic Development* and *Which Way lies Hope?* It deals with a simple fact of life — Money, in its present form. Mr. Gregg takes what may be called a layman's practical point of view, and not that of an economist. Even so, it carries the weight of scholarship effortlessly, while bringing to the surface the functional failures of money and, more sharply, the social evils it has bred.

The author, therefore, seeks a solution, in the shape of a currency that will perform its function of exchange and value without a chain reaction of spiritual corrosion. The solution he commends is modelled on "the Stamp Scrip" that proved an amazing success in a German community some seventy years ago, at a time of deep and all-pervasive distress. But in India, at the best of times, conditions are not very far removed from those obtaining in Germany at that period. It is an idea that will take a long time to germinate, but its potential success can never be doubted in a society where Mammon can be pruned to size. Mr. Gregg explains the process in a lucid and convincing manner. If it does not command immediate acceptance the book is bound to stimulate thought in people who matter and hearten those for whom the eternal values continue to possess significance.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

Holy Mother: Being the life of Sri Sarada Devi, Wife of Sri Ramakrishna and Helpmate in His Mission. By SWAMI NIKHILANANDA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. xiii+334 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 32*s*.)

When Sarada was two years old she was taken by her relatives to the village of Sihore, in order to witness a religious festival and Ramakrishna happened also to be present. Some of the women who accompanied Sarada teasingly asked the two-year-old child whom, amongst the boys attending the festival, she would like to marry. She pointed with tiny fingers to Shri-Ramakrishna and three years later Fate confirmed her choice. Sarada Devi was "married" to the boy of her choice, then twenty-three years old. A marriage of this kind in India was actually only a betrothal; for Sarada only started to live with her husband when she had gained her maturity.

Even when she had grown up the marriage would be a strange one in the eyes of a European. Sarada was a bride in whom the consciousness of sex was not awakened and who remained free from it all through life. And the bridegroom regarded all women as his own mother, and the embodiment of the Divine Mother of the Universe — an attitude which he maintained as long as he lived. At that time, because of his absorption in spiritual practices he was oblivious of both his body, and the world, and was guided in every action by the Divine Mother Herself, with whom he had established a most intimate relationship.

How strange were the foundations on which this marriage was built! There were many difficulties also that this young couple encountered, after their marriage. The husband and the wife only occasionally met one another, and when the "bride" was only ten years old, Bengal was the scene of a very bad famine. Shri-Ramakrishna's health suffered and he had to struggle very hard in order to earn a living, for his family was a poor one. Yet in spite of all these difficulties the marriage must be accounted a highly successful one. Shri-Ramakrishna instructed his young wife in her duties as a householder as well as in her spiritual duties. Fortunately Shri-Ramakrishna was not "a stern pain-hugging ascetic. He often joked and made fun."

The two became spiritual as well as earthly companions and in course of time Sarada gained her sainthood as her husband had previously done, not by means of practising severe austerities but by means of prayer and meditation. Her name of Holy Mother is now

invoked wherever the name of her saintly husband Shri-Ramakrishna is invoked. Shri-Ramakrishna deliberately trained Sarada to become his successor and in course of time she fulfilled faithfully the role for which she had been prepared.

This book should be regarded as a companion volume to Shri-Ramakrishna's life. Its author, Swami Nikhilananda, is at present Swami in charge of the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Centre of New York. It is a well written and very interesting book that I recommend highly to European readers.

KENNETH WALKER

Swami Vivekananda: A Forgotten Chapter of His Life. By BENISHANKAR SHARMA. (Oxford Book and Stationery Company, Calcutta. 232 pp. 1963. Rs. 10.00; £1; $3.00)

Justifying its fascinating sub-title, "A Forgotten Chapter . . .," this book throws light on certain facts relating to the life of Vivekananda and authenticates them by excerpts from the Waqyat Register and the letters to Raja Ajit Singh reproduced in photostat. By his painstaking research the author has dispersed the mists surrounding certain details of Swamiji's life and laid the controversies at rest. The source for the name Vivekananda is convincingly traced. On substantial evidence it is conclusively proved that the passage money for Narendra's voyage was supplied, the name bestowed, and the particular style of head-gear suggested by Raja Ajit Singh, and that the Raja as head of a durbar officially sent thanks to him for his worthy representation of Hinduism at the Parliament of Religions, at a time when credentials meant everything to him.

The book has the value of being a human document revealing the trials, the struggles, and the privations of a great soul caught up in the mortal coil. A reformed *Sadhu,* the Swamy has always a thought for the members of his family; it is touching to discover how the master's assurance that his family would never be in want of plain food and clothing was fulfilled through the instrumentality of the Raja. The abiding friendship of the Raja and the Swamy emerges with a refreshing charm; this is best summed up in the words of the Swamy: "We are two souls born to help each other in a big work for the benefit of mankind."

The book contains a beautiful portrait of the Swamy and an Appendix in which one of his greatest contemporaries speaks of the Swamy's lecture on Vedanta having created such an impression "that all ideas of time and space were lost."

Y. S. R. CHANDRAN

Spiritual Sayings of Kahlil Gibran. Translated from the Arabic and edited by ANTHONY R. FERRIS. (Heinemann, London. 94 pp. 1963. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

"I discovered the secret of the sea in meditation upon the dewdrop." The opening of this beautifully printed collection of the sayings of the artist-author of *The Prophet,* who began and ended his life in the Christian Church but speaks for every faith, epitomizes the balance of his broadly-based philosophy.

He insists we accept the world. It is in human relationships he sees the key to eternal verities, but man must uphold these too if he is to live properly in the world. In the brief story of the nun, who sacrifices herself to serve her highest principles, we have, as in the life of Christ, not a denial of the body, but a demonstration of its proper use.

Some of the sayings seem very ordinary, but there are enough of great value to make this small book worth while.

D. S. MAXTED

Folktales of Israel. Edited by Dov Noy with the assistance of Dan Ben-Amos. Translated by Gene Baharav. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 221 pp. 1963. 28*s*.)

Folktales of Israel is the first of two volumes to appear in a new series, "Folktales of the World," published by Routledge and Kegan Paul under the general editorship of Richard M. Dorson, Professor of History and Folklore in Indiana University, Bloomington. This volume of seventy-one folktales is edited by Dov Noy of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and head of the Israel Section for Folklore Research.

The wide variety of cultural backgrounds of the inhabitants of modern Israel offers a rich field for the comparative folklorist. As Professor Dorson says, quoting Noy: "A pleasant walk separates Bokhara from Libya, Afghanistan from Lithuania, Tunisia from Rumania." One can find many parallels with tales collected elsewhere, e.g., No. 53, "Who Cured the Princess?" has a variant entitled the "Rarest Thing in the World" in a story from Seville in the collection of Spanish folktales made by Aurelio Espinosa (*Cuentos Populares de España*); as also, in No. 55, "The Pupil Who Excelled His Master," the motif of the "forbidden chamber" is one echoed in a story by Torrijo de Cañada — "The Girl Who Cheated" —though in a different context; while No. 5, "The Rich Miser and the Shoemaker," has a variant in "*Prâslea cel Voinic si Merele de Aur*" in the Rumanian collection of I. P. Ispirescu.

This is an extremely well-documented production. In addition to the headnotes to each tale there is a glossary, an index, a bibliography, a table of international tale-types and motifs and a foreword by the editor of the series. The narrative style of the original Hebrew texts has been admirably reproduced in the English translation of Mrs. Gene Baharav.

Mabel Nandris

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes of the moving and illuminating autobiography of M. Jacques Lusseyran.—Ed.]

The remarkable autobiography of Jacques Lusseyran might well be translated as *And Then There Was Light*. Here is an autobiography of surpassing beauty: how the author, blinded at the age of eight, adjusted himself, mentally and spiritually, to this brute fact.

This book is a poem in prose by a man whose perspectives combine the directness of a child and the inwardness of a mystic. The adjustment has far more joys than terrors, and is made so much easier because of the warmth and sunshine of a home full of understanding and love — to which may be added an unbounded faith.

> My parents were Heaven. . . . I knew very early, I am quite sure of it, that through them another Being concerned Himself with me and even addressed Himself to me. This Other I did not even call God. . . . Behind my parents there was Someone, and my Father and Mother were simply the people responsible for passing along the gift. My religion began like this, which I think explains why I have never known doubt.

The boy soon discovered that there are two kinds of light: the outer and the inner. His perceptions were bathed in a radiance that ebbed and flowed in accordance with his psychic state. At times the splendour of the Light, when "the doors of perception" opened, was more than he could bear. He found he could "see" objects beside him, by sensing their pressure against his consciousness. He learned that the human voice is a complete mirror of a man's moral

nature.

This latter gift came in handy when, after the German occupation of France, the teenage Jacques became the leader of a cell of the Resistance. Potential members were brought to him. He listened less to their words and rather more to the nuances of their voices, and weeded out the cowardly and unreliable. Gradually, he advanced into the higher councils of the underground movement, and helped publish a clandestine newspaper, organize the rescue of allied airmen, and prepare false identy cards.

The inevitable betrayal eventually occurred. After a long interrogation by the Gestapo he was taken to Buchenwald. Of the twenty thousand Frenchmen sent there, he was one of thirty survivors. The light within, the joyful sense of being alone no matter where, sustained him.

The autobiography does not go beyond the moment of "Liberation" near the end of the war. Here is his summing up:

> Joy does not come from outside; for whatever happens to us it is within . . . light does not come to us from without. Light is in us, even if we have no eyes.

This reminds me of Olaf Stapledon's *Opening of the Eyes*. It also brings to mind a question a friend of mine, Ricardo Mosquera, put to Shri Ma Ananda Mayee when I took him, in March 1962, to have *darshan* of her. "What is the colour of the sun?" "The outer sun," Ma said, "contains all the colours, of course, but the outer sun is but a reflection of the inner sun, which, when 'seen,' contains all the colours." Jacques Lusseyran had this experience; it had become part of him. Is it a gift? Is there an "art of seeing"? Can it be cultivated?

These visitations come in most cases at intervals or if you are single-minded, pursuing with constancy what you are dreaming of. "In whatsoever way men approach Me," says Krishna, "even so do I reward them; for it is my Path that men follow in all things."

> Thus [says Antoine de Saint-Exupery in his great book *La Citadelle*], if you are a priest the vision of God will come back to you in His own good time; if you are a sculptor, the vision of the perfect face; if you are a lover, the vision of love; and if you are a sentry the vision of the empire, provided you are true to yourself and keep your house clean and bright, though deserted for the moment it may seem. You cannot know the hour of the coming of that blissful visitation, but this you know, that come it will, and nothing else can satisfy your heart's desire.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A multitude of tributes have been paid to the late President Kennedy, whose tragic assassination in November shocked the whole world into a feeling of personal loss. One significant, if indirect, tribute has been the publication in *The Sunday Times* of extracts from his forthcoming book *A Nation of Immigrants*, which is being published by Harper and Row, of New York, and Hamish Hamilton, of London. It is significant in that it draws attention to some of Kennedy's own aims. In the book he tries to combat the vices of too narrow a nationalism, showing how America has always derived her strength from the mingling of the streams of immigrants. Their roots have been in many, varying cultures, but they saw in America an image of refuge, of free-

dom, and of opportunity. Since 1607 some forty million immigrants have come in. The reverse side of the picture is found in such symptoms as "nativism" ("the fear and hostility towards new immigrant groups") on the part of those already established. Periodically "bigotry, fear and hatred" have broken out against minorities. And even though the sense of America as a refuge for "the poor and persecuted of all nations and religions" remains dominant, the laws passed in the present century have severely limited new immigration.

What Kennedy has been pleading for is not unrestricted immigration — which admittedly raises problems — but for a new enlightened policy which would provide for as much as the country could absorb, and which would eliminate those restrictions which "are based on false or unjust premises."

> Such a policy should be generous; it should be fair; it should be flexible. With such a policy we could turn to the world with clean hands and a clear conscience.

This, he asserts, is simply a re-affirmation of the same principles that George Washington put forward. It is to be hoped that by his death, Kennedy will be able to vitalize into existence those ideals and reforms that he presented and worked for in life. He could have no better memorial.

The report has been received of the Ninth Assembly of La Société Européenne de Culture, held at Rome in October, to review past efforts and to announce a new project.

The Society was founded at Venice in 1950 in the conviction that discussion is the way, not only to arrive at truth in theoretical terms, but also to resolve the practical problems arising from crises in the affairs of the world. Its aim has been to remove the irrational and violent elements from political relations, through the influence of those "men of culture" both of East and of West, who are aware of their special responsibilities as such.

Now, with the threat of atomic warfare in mind, it has come forward with a further project. The tentative official efforts of governments have accomplished little in the way of adjustment. The issue depends, in reality, not on political action, but on the people themselves. Yet the mass of people do not feel the reality of war, nor do they recognize their own possibilities of action in the matter. The image of a world without war is not to be deduced from present actualities; it is "a fact of culture," the response of the creative spirit. Thus it is for the "men of culture" to take the initiative, and to act together in association, in order to bring home to the multitude that it is in its power to create the conditions that will preclude war. It is proposed, therefore, to found an Association Mondiale de la Culture in order to help in creating a climate of opinion from which even the idea of war will be banished. The Association will be fluidic in its organization, allowing as much personal initiative to members as they wish, while providing the means of useful contact, and of making all efforts known, and of increasing their efficiency. The progress of the new Association will be announced in the journal of the Société Européenne de Culture, *Comprendre*.

A discovery that, at one and the same time, offers possibilities of providing sustenance economically and of lessening inhumane methods of production is worth recording.

The November-December 1963 issue of *The British Vegetarian* contains the first official statement issued by the Board of Plantmilk, Ltd. Plantmilk is a purely vegetable milk, made from green leaf, with added nutrients, and, it is claimed, has the same nutritive value as cow's milk. It resembles the latter, and can be used in the same way, thus offering possibilities to areas where hunger is a basic problem. It can be manufactured on the spot anywhere, and — though research is not complete — it would appear that many kinds of leaf can be used as the basis.

It thus affords a valuable and inexpensive source of protein in undernourished countries. The Plantmilk process, it is said, utilizes about 80 per cent of the leaf protein; the cow only converts about 18 per cent into milk. A further argument in favour is that its production does away with unnatural methods of "the dairy industry" in which living animals are treated more as machinery than as livestock.

Research into the utilization of leaf protein has been part of the official programme at the well-known Rothamsted Experimental Station, since 1948, but specific study of the possibility of a purely vegetable milk was begun by the Plantmilk Society (founded in 1956 as a charitable organization for this research). And, despite the inevitable obstacles, the project was sufficiently successful for Plantmilk Ltd. to be formed in 1961, with the intention of full commercial production of a triple-strength liquid (to be diluted as required), not later than early 1964.

If this happy result comes about, it is to be hoped that the next step will be to make the methods of production, and the means, available where they are most needed in the world. Too often benevolent ideas have been frustrated, and foodstuffs in the overproductive countries have been wasted, because of the cost and difficulties of transit in sending them to the undernourished peoples of the world.

Let us hope that these pioneers will overcome future difficulties as they have those of the past.

PURANDARADASA

THE 14TH OF JANUARY 1964 is the four-hundredth anniversary of the passing away of Purandaradasa, the great saint and singer of the Kannada area of our country.

Purandaradasa was praised by his own teacher, the ascetic Vyasaraya, as the one person who could certainly be called a *Haridasa,* i.e., servant of Hari (God). Not much is known of his life. It is surmised that he was born about the year 1480 in a town some twenty miles from Poona City, now known as Sasawad, at the foot of Fort Purandar. He was of a well-to-do family which traded in gold and precious stones and lent out money. The saint's name as a young man was Seenappa (Srinivasa) Nayak, and he was, the tradition goes, a very close-fisted person. With plenty of money in his hand he would give nothing by way of help to anyone. His wife Sarasvati Bai, however, was charitably disposed.

An incident which reads like a miracle in the form in which it has come down in the tradition (but which can with slight alterations be understood as a natural occurrence) brought about a complete change in him. Seenappa Nayak, then in middle age, went with his family to Vijayanagar, approached the ascetic Vyasaraya, and took the vow of a Haridasa. Forty years he lived the life of a Haridasa, begging each day his food for the day and while doing so singing, by way of devotion and service, songs in praise of God and of moral principles. Purandaradasa (as he called himself in his new life) seems to have been a poet by natural impulse and composed many songs. He would seem to have also had musical talent and training enough to set his compositions to tunes. The Haridasa, according to tradition, also danced in the presence of the god of his worship: Purandaradasa developed an inclination to dance also. He visited famous holy places all over India, and composed songs in praise of the places and the forms of God worshipped in them. His compositions are found in three styles: song, song sequence, meditational recitative. It is said that his compositions in these three genres numbered in all 425,000.

With its going from house to house to beg for the day's food, from households not always wealthy or willing to give, the Haridasa's daily routine is a continual realization of one's own helplessness and the indifference of the majority of people. Anger with unkind or rude people would be natural, but to feel such anger (or much worse, express it) was for the Haridasa failure in life. Treated ill or well, he must keep smiling and bless those who refused to give as well as those who gave. Forty years of such a life made Purandaradasa a uniquely chastened personality. He seems to have become renowned as a servant of God by the time he closed his earthly career.

Purandaradasa is credited with having systematized the singing of songs and in the process laid the foundations of the Karnataka style of music. His compositions show a keen musical sense. As literature they are of high quality and deal with an astonishing variety of themes. He came from the people and wrote in the language of the people. There is little learning in the writing, but it has a power and directness and clarity that mere learning cannot bring. Several of his songs have been used by artists for exposition in the style of dancing known as *Bharata Natya*. Expounded by a competent and gifted artist in the Edinburgh International Musical Festival last year, one of the compositions of Purandaradasa drew repeated applause from people who did not know the meaning of the words or the significance of the particular movements in that style of dance.

The essence of Purandaradasa's teaching is the essence of the Bhakti school, now familiar all over India. It is also the teaching of the Alwars and Nayanamars and Shivasharanas of the Tamil and Kannada country, of Namdev and Tukaram and the other Maharashtriya saints, of Ramanand, Kabir, Chaitanya and Nanak, and the great men who have sung in their tradition from one end of our country to another. Believe in God; love him; trust him; live a clean, courageous, life; serve your fellow men; conquer selfishness; realize that life is a trust; remember that spirit is more than body and goodness more than material possession; to say "I" is to be in the coils of earthly life; to say "You" is to attain beatitude.

Of the devotion to God and the tenderness to his fellow men found in these compositions, it is difficult to speak with sufficient praise. Each piece is the direct expression of a genuine experience and the words are those of a great saint of God whose spirit grew in stature from day to day. The pieces which in all probability were composed towards the end are full of the saint's humility in the presence of Deity and of the peace that comes of the continuous realization of that presence.

MASTI VENKATESHA IYENGAR

A NOTE

With this volume the page-layout of THE ARYAN PATH *has been altered so that each page contains slightly more matter. It is estimated that each issue contains, on an average, the equivalent of between two and three pages extra.*

The main title on the cover is reproduced from an alphabet of capitals designed by the American artist J. ALBERT CAVANAGH. *It is an example of a pure Roman form, perfected, as Albert Cavanagh says, by chiselled inscriptions in the "Attic tradition."*

We offer our warm thanks to SHRI KAILAS TAKLE, G.D.(ART), *who out of friendship took great pains in designing and making ready the artwork and the engraved blocks for the new cover design.*